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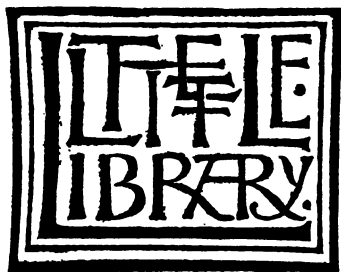


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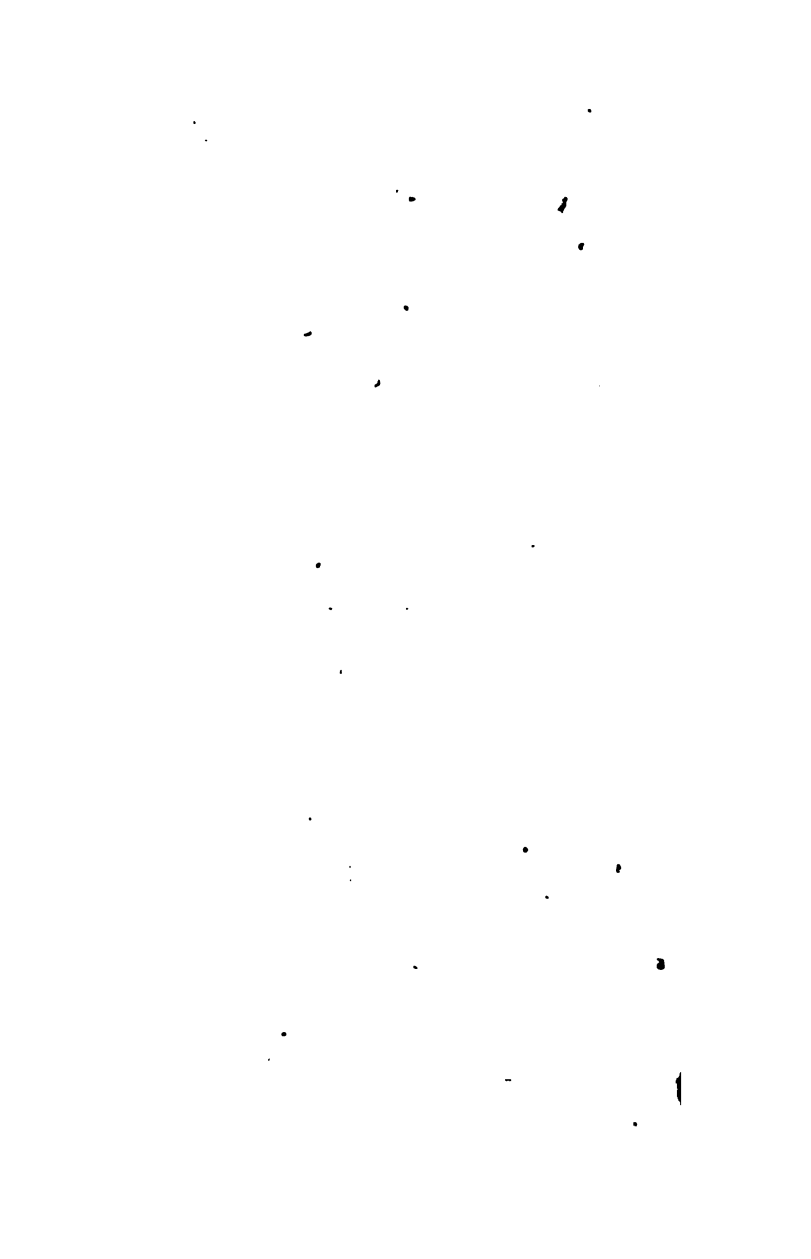
Rosemary + Rue

AB.

Natal. Christmas









Remond fecit

Sculpsit M. Beggeloni

Mr Hon Joseph Addison

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2

3

4

5

6

7

8



Kneller. sculp.

From a Copy of the Original

Rev. Hon. Joseph Addison

A LITTLE BOOK
OF
ENGLISH
PROSE

Selected and Arranged by

ANNIE BARNETT

*WITH A PORTRAIT
FROM A PAINTING*

By GODFREY KNELLER

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MDCCC

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Duplicate money

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49-134
52

TO

F. A. M.

FOR YOU THERE'S ROSEMARY AND RUE ; THESE KEEP
SEEMING AND SAVOUR ALL THE WINTER LONG :
GRACE AND REMEMBRANCE BE TO YOU BOTH,
AND WELCOME TO OUR SHEARING !



PREFACE

THE Editor of this Little Book has endeavoured to present the chosen passages as nearly as possible in the form in which they left the hands of their authors. Something, indeed, has been conceded to modern punctuation where the original seemed unduly misleading, but the spelling has been left as the authors themselves apparently intended it to be. Their seeming arbitrariness is often in truth compliance with strict rules, though possibly of the writer's own making; and when variety in spelling is no serious obstacle to ready apprehension, it is surely to be preferred to the uniformity founded on the pronunciation of the majority, with which we are threatened.

The explanatory notes that have been added are so few and so brief that they hardly need an apology; some readers will still perhaps find a few difficult words in the early part of the book, but the Editor has had in view chiefly those who will prefer by a little consideration of the context to find the key to a doubtful passage themselves, without any impertinent aids to reflection.





John Bunyan
Sir William Temple
John Dryden
Robert South
Daniel Defoe
Jonathan Swift
Francis Atterbury
Richard Steele
Joseph Addison
Lady Mary Wortley Montague
Joseph Butler
Lord Chesterfield
Henry Fielding
Samuel Johnson
David Hume
Laurence Sterne
Thomas Gray
Horace Walpole
Oliver Goldsmith
Edmund Burke
William Cowper
Edward Gibbon
James Boswell
"Junius"
Samuel Rogers
Frances Burney
William Cobbett
Sir Walter Scott
Jane Austen
William Wordsworth
Samuel Taylor Coleridge
Robert Southey
Charles Lamb
William Hazlitt
Walter Savage Landor

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Kneller, pinx.

W. & R. Kneller

Richard Hon. Joseph Addison

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the language over time and the influence of various factors on these changes. The study of the history of the English language is important for understanding the development of the language and for identifying the sources of its vocabulary and grammar.

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see, envirounand the werld, that he was comm
to his awen marchez;¹ and if he had passed for
mare, he schuld hafe commen euen to his
cuntree. Bot for he herd that meruaile and n
get schipping na ferrere, he turned agayne;
come; and so he had a grete trauaile. A
befell efterward that he went in to Norway;
tempest of wynd in the see drafe him, so th
arryued in ane ile. And when he was thar
wist wele it was the ile in whilk he had bene b
and herd his awen speche, as men drafe bestez

OF DIAMONDS

I haue many tymes assaied and sene, that
man take dyamaundes with a lytill of the ro
that thai growe on, so that thai be taken vp b
rutes and oft sythes² wette with the dew of
thai growe ilke a yere visibilly, so that the
waxez grete, for right as the fyn perl cong
and wexeth gret of the dew of heuene, rig
doth the verray dyamand. And right as th
of his owne kynde taketh roundness, right
dyamand be vertu of God taketh squareness
man sall bere the dyamaund at his left syde
than es it of mare vertu than on the riyt syd
the strenth of his growyng es toward the
whilk es the left syde of the werld and th
syde of a man, when he turnez his visage to
the este.

The dyamaund giffez to him that berez
him hardyness, if it be freely giffen him, a
kepez the lymmes of a man hale. It giffe

¹ Borders.

² Rock,

³ Since

e to ouercomme his enmys, if his cause be
rys, bathe in were and in motyng.¹ It kepez
in his riyt witte. It kepez him fra stryfez,
tes, ryotes, and fra ill dremes and fantasies,
fra wikked spirits. And if any man that
s with sorcery or enchauntementz wald grefe
that beres the dyamaund, he schall not dere²
. Also ther sall na wylde beste assayle him
: berez it, ne yit na venymmous beste. And
schall vnderstand that the dyamaund schuld be
en freely, noyt couaited ne boght, and than it
of mare vertu and makes a man mare stalworth
yne his enmys. It helez him that es lunatyc;
if venym or puyson be broyt in place whare
dyamaund es, alson e it waxez moyst and
ynnez to swete.

fit will I tell you mare of this stane, and namely
thaim that berez this stane to diuerse cuntreez
to sell. He that will by this stane, it es nede-
till him that he cunn perfetely knawe that stane
the dessait of tham that sellez tham. For oft
es thai sell to thaim that hase na grete knawynge
stanes in steed dyamaundez cristalles pale and
er maner of stanes, the whilk er noyt so hard as
maundes, and comounly thaire poyntes er broken
and thai will lightly be polischte. Neuertheles
may assay the dyamaund in this manere.
st for to take the dyamaund and rubbe it on the
r or on cristall or sum other precious stanez or
clene burnyscht stele. And seyne take the
mand, that drawez the nedill til him, by the
lk schippe men er gouerned in the see, and lay
dyamaund apon the adamaund and lay a nedill
ore the adamaund. And if the dyamaund be

¹ In war and council.

² Hurt.

gude and vertuous, the adamand drawes noyt the nedill to him, whils the dyamand es thare. And this es the assay whilk thai make beyond the see. Bot it fallez oft tyme that the gude dyamaund losez his vertu by defaute of him that beres it. And therfore it es nedefull to make it to hafe his vertu agayne or elles it es of lytill prys.

OF PARADISE

Off Paradys can I noyt speke properly, for I hafe noyt bene thare; and that forthinkez me.¹ Bot als mykill as I hafe herd of wyse men and men of credence of thase cuntreez, I will tell yow. Paradys terrestre, as men saise, es the hiest land of the werld; and it es so hye that it touchez nere to the cercle of the moone. For it es so hye that Noe flode myght noyt com therto, whilk flude couerd all the erthe bot it. Paradys es closed all aboute with a wall; bot whare off the wall es made, can na man tell. It es all mosse begrowen and couerd so with mosse and with bruschez that men may see na stane, ne noyt elles wharoff a wall schuld be made. The walle of Paradys strechez fra the south toward the north; and ther es nane entree open in to it, because of fire euermare brynnand,² the whilk es called the flawmand swerde³ that Godd ordaynd thare before the entree, for na man schuld entre.

And ye schall wele vnderstand that na man liffand may ga to Paradys. For by land may na man ga thider by cause of wilde bestez that er in the wilderness and for hillez and rochez, whilk na man may passe, and also for mirk placez of whilk

¹ I regret.

² Burning.

³ Flaming sword

ther er many thare. By water also may na man passe thider, for the water renneth so rudely and so scharpely, because that it cometh down so outrageously from the high places abouen that it renneth in so grete wawes that no schipp may not rowe ne seyle azenes it. And the water roreth so, and maketh so huge noyse and so gret tempest, that no man may here other in the schippe, though he cryede with all the craft that he cowde in the hieste voys that he myghte. Many grete lordes has assayd diuerse tymes to passe by thase riuers to Paradys, bot thai myght noyt spede of thaire journee; for sum of tham died for weryness of rowyng and ower trauaillyng, sum wex blind and sum deeff for the noise of the waters, and sum ware drowned by violence of the wawes of the waters. And so ther may na man, as I said before, wyne thider, bot thurgh speciall grace of Godd. And therfore of that place can I tell yowe na mare.

A LORD OF GREAT RICHES

And in that ile thare es a lord amanges other that es wounder riche; and yit he es nowther prince, ne duke, ne erle. Neuertheles thare haldez many a man thaire landes of him, and he es a lorde of grete ricchess. For he has ilke a yere broght till him CCC^m hors lade of corne and als many of ryess. And this lorde ledez a meruailous lyf. For he has fyfty damyselles that seruez him ilk a day at his mete, and when he sittez at the mete, thai bring him mete and euermare fyfe meessez¹ togyder; and in the bringyng thai sing a faire sang.

¹ Dishes.

And thai schere his mete before him and puttez it in his mouth, as he ware a childe; for he schere~~z~~ nane ne touche~~z~~ nane with his handez, bot haldez~~z~~ tham before him on the table. For he has so lang nayles on his fyngers that he may hald na thing with tham. And that es a grete noblay in that cuntree and a grete wirschepe to hafe so lang nayles. And therfore thai late~~z~~ thaire nayles growe als lang as thai may and cuttez~~z~~ tham noyt. And sum latez~~z~~ tham growe so lang to thai growe all aboute thaire hend; and that think thaim es a grete noblay and a grete gentry. And the gentry of wymmen thare es to hafe smale fete; and therfore, alssone as thai er borne, thai bynd thaire fete so straite that thai may noyt waxe so grete as thai schuld. Thir forsaid damyselles als lang as thaire lorde es sittand at the mete, er nerehand all way singand; and, when he has eten ynogh of the first course, thai bring before him other fyfe meessez, syngand as thai didd before. And thus thai do ay till the end of the mete. And on this wise ledez this lorde his lyfe by alde custom of his auncestres, the whilk custom on the same wyse his successoures will vse. And thus thai vse na worthyness ne doghtyness, bot all anely liffez in lyking of the flesch, as a swyne fedd in styte. This riche man also has a full faire palays and riche, whare he dwellez, of whilke the walle es twa myle vmgang.¹ And therin er many faire gardynes; and all the pament of hallez and chaumbres er of gold and siluer. And in myddes of ane of the gardynez ez a lytill hill, whare apon es a lytil palace made with toures and pynnacles all of gold; and thare in will he sitt oft for to disporte him and take the aer, for it es made for noyt elles.

¹ Around.

THE VALE PERILOUS

Thare es a vale betwene twa hilles that es foure myle lang; and sum men callez it the Vale of Enchaunting, sum the Vale of Deuilles, and sum the Vale Perillous. In this vale er oft tymes herd many tempestes and voices vggly and hidous, bathe on nyghtes and on days. And sum tyme ther es herd noyse as it ware of trumppes and tawburnez and of nakers,¹ as it ware at festez of grete lordez.

My felawes and I, when we come nere that valay and herd speke theroff, sum of vs kest² in oure hertes to putte vs all halely in the mercy of Godd to passe thurgh that valay, and sum forsuke it and said thai wald noyt putte tham in that perill. And there was in oure company twa frere meneours³ of Lumbardy, that said thai wald ga thurgh that valay, if we wald go with tham; and so, thurgh comforth of thaire wordes and the excitacioun of thaim, we schrafe vs clene and herd messe and comound vs⁴ and went in to the valay, xiiii felawes sammen.⁵ Bot at the commyng oute we ware bot ix. We wist neuere what worthed⁶ of the remenaunt, whedir thai ware lost or thai turned agayne; bot we sawe tham na mare; twa of tham ware Grekez, and three ware Spanyols. Oure other felawes that wald noyt passe the Valay Perillous went aboute by another way for to mete vs. And my felawes and I went thurgh the valay, and sawe many meruailous thingez and gold and siluer and precious stanes and many other jowels on ilke a syde vs, as vs thoght;

¹ Drums.² Cast.³ Friar minors.⁴ Communicated.⁵ Altogether.⁶ Became.

bot whedir it ware as it semed, or it was bot fantasy, I wate noyt. Bot for the drede that we had, and also for it schuld not lette oure deuocioun, we wald lay hand on na thing that we sawe; for we ware mare deuote than euer we ware before or efter, for ferdeness of deuils that appered till vs in diuerse figures and for the multitude of deed men bodys that lay thare in oure way. For if twa kynges with thaire osten¹ had foghten togider and the maste parte of bathe the sydez had bene slaen, ther schuld noyt hafe bene no grete noumer of deed bodys as was thare. And many of thase bodys that I sawe thare semed in clething of Cristen men; bot I trowe full wele that thai come thider for couetise of gold and other jowels that er in that valay, or for fals hert myght noyt bere the grete drede and fere that thai had for the horrible siytes that tha sawe. And I do yow to witte that we ware of tymes striken doune to the erthe with grete hidou blastez of wind and of thouner and other tempestez bot thurgh the grace of Almyghty Godd we passed thurgh that valay hale and sounde.

THE AUTHOR TAKES HIS LEAVE

Thare er many other cuntreez and other meruaile whilk I hafe noyt sene, and therfore I can noy speke properly of tham; and also in cuntreez whar I hafe bene er many meruailes of whilk I speke noyt, for it ware owere lang to tell. And also I will tell na mare of meruailes that er thare, so that other men that wendez thider may fynd many new thingez to speke off, whilk I hafe noyt spoken off

¹ Hosts.

For many men have grete lykyng and desyre for to here new thinges ; and therefore will I now ceesse of tellyng of diuerse thingez that I sawe in these cuntreez, so that these that couetez to visit these cuntreys may fynd new thinges ynewe to tell off for solace and recreacioun of thaim that lykez to here thaim.

And I, John Mawndeuell, knyght, that went oute of my cuntree and passed the see the yere of oure Lord Jhesu Criste MCCCXXXII, and have passed thurgh many landes, cuntreez and iles, and have bene at many wirschipfull journeez and dedez of armez with worthy men, if all I be vnworthi, and now am comen to rest, as man discomfitt for age and trauaile and febilnes of body that constrayne me tharto, and for other certayne causez, I have compiled this buke and writen it, as it coome to my mynde, in the yere of oure Lord Jhesu Criste MCCCCLXVI that es for to say in the foure and thrittyde yere efter that I departed oute of this land and tuke my way thiderward.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

(1340-1400)

OF PATIENCE

PACIENCE that is another remedie agains ire, vertu that suffreth swetely euery mannes good and is not wroth for noon harm that is doon to. The philosopher saith, that pacience is thilke vertu that suffrith deboneirly alle the outrages of adversity and euery wickid word. This virtue maketh man lik to God, and makith him Goddes ouer dere child, as saith Crist. This vertu destroyeth thin enemy. And therefore, saith the wise man, if thou wolt venquish thin enemy lerne to suffer.

A philosopher upon a tyme, that wolde bete his disciple for his grete trespas, for whan he was gretly amooved, and brought a yerde and scourge the child, and whan the child saug the yerde, he sayde to his maister, "what then shal I do?" "I wolde bete the," quod the maister. "for thi correccioun." "Forsothe," quod the child, "ye oughte first correcte youreself, that thou be not lest³ al youre pacience for the gilt of a child." "Forsothe," quod the maister al wepyng, "I have saist soth;⁴ have thou the yerde, my deere child, and correcte me for myn impacience."

¹ Own.² Rod.³ Have lost.⁴ Truth.

WILLIAM CAXTON
(1415-1491)

OF DISCRETION

was a child of Rome that was named Papirus
a tyme went with his fader which was a
ar into the chambre where as they helde
counceyll. And that tyme they spak of suche
as was comanded and agreed shold be kept
upon payn of their heedes, and so departed.
than he was comen home from the senatoire
o the counceyll with his fader, his moder
ded of hym what was the counceyll, and
f they spack and had taryed so longe there.
he childe answerd to her and sayd he durst
lle ner saye hit for so moche as hit was
ed upon payn of deth. Than was the moder
lesirous to knowe than she was to fore. And
to flater hym one tyme, and afterward to
e hym that he shold saye and telle to her
hit was. And whan the childe sawe that he
haue no reste of his moder in no wise, he made
st promise that she shold kepe hit secrete,
telle hit to none of the world. And that
e fayned a lesing or a lye and sayd to her
e senatours had in counceyll a grete question

and difference which was this: whether hit were better and more for the comyn wele of Rome that a man shold haue two wyuys or a wyf to haue two husbondes. And whan she had understonde this, he defended her that she shold telle hit to none other body. And after this she wente to her gossyb and told to her this counceyll secretly, and she told to an other, and thus euery wyf tolde hit to other in secrete. And thus hit happened anon after that alle the wyues of Rome cam to the senatorye where the senatours were assemblid, and cryed wyth an hye voys that they had leuer, and also hit were better for the comyn wele that a wyf shold haue two husbondes than a man two wyues.

OF FRIENDSHIP

We rede that Damon and Phisias were so ryght parfyt frendes togyder, that whan Dionisius whiche was kynge of Cecylle had juged one to deth for his trespaas in the cyte of Syracusane whom he wold haue executed he desired grace and leue to goo in to hys contre for to dispose and ordonne his testament. And his felawe pleggid hym and was sewrte for hym vpon his heed that he shold come agayn, wherof they that sawe and herd this helde hym for a fool and blamed hym. And he said all way that he repentid hym nothyng at all for he knewe well the trouth of his felawe. And whan the day cam and theoure that execusion shold be doon, his felawe cam and presented hymself to fore the iuge and dischargid his felawe that was plegge for hym, wherof the kynge was gretly abashid, and for the grete trouthe that was founden in hym,

urdonyd hym and prayd hem bothe that they
resseyue hym as their grete frende and felawe.
ere the vertues of love that a man ought nought
ubte the deth for his frende, and to lede a lyf
nayr, and to be wyth out cruelte, to loue and
o hate which causeth to doo good ayenst euyll,
to torne payne into benefete and to quench
te.

SIR THOMAS MALLORY

Temp. Edward iv.

THE MONTH OF MAY

AND thus it past on from candylmas vntyl after
ester that the moneth of may was come / whan
euery lusty herte begynneth to blosomme / and to
brynge forth fruyte / for lyke as herbes and trees
bryngen forth fruyte and florysshin in may / in lyke
wyse euery lusty herte that is in ony maner a louer
spryngeth and florysseth in lusty dedes / For it
gyueth vnto al louers courage that lusty moneth of
may in some thyng to constrayne hym to some
maner of thyng more in that moneth than in ony
other moneth for dyuerse causes / For thenne all
herbes and trees renewen a man and woman / and
lyke wyse louers callen ageyne to their mynde old
gentilnes and old seruyse¹ and many kynde dedes
were forgotten by neclygence / For lyke as wynter
rasure doth alway a rase and deface grene somer /
soo fareth it by vnstable loue in man and woman /
For in many persons there is no stabylite / For we
may see al day for a lytel blast of wynters rasure
anone we shalle deface and lay a parte true loue /
for lytel or noughte that cost moch thyng / this is
no wysedome nor stabylite / but it is feblenes of

¹ Service.

ad grete disworshyp who someuer vsed
 therefore lyke as may moneth floreth and
 th in many gardyns / Soo in lyke wyse
 y man of worship florysshe his herte in this
 fyrst unto god / and next vnto the ioye of
 t he promysed his feythe vnto / for there
 r worshypful man or worshipfull woman /
 y loued one better than another / and
 in armes may neuer be soyled / but fyrst
 the honour to god / and secondly the
 iust come of thy lady / and suche loue I
 tuous loue / but now adayes men can not
 en nyzte but they must haue alle their
 that loue may not endure by reason / for
 they ben soone accorded and hasty hete /
 keleth / Ryghte soo fareth loue now a
 one hote soone cold / this is noo stablyte /
 old loue was not so / men and wymmen
 ue togyders seuen yeres / and no lycours
 ere bitwene them / and thenne was loue
 and feythfulnes / and loo in lyke wyse was
 e in kynge Arthurs dayes /
 or I lyken loue now adayes vnto somer and
 for lyke as the one is hote / and the other
 o fareth loue now a dayes / therfore alle
 e louers / calle vnto your remembrance the
 of may / lyke as dyd quene Gueneuer /
 ome I make here a lytel mencyon that
 ie lyued she was a true loue / and therfor
 a good ende /

LAUNCELOT DEAD

whan syr Ector herde suche noyse and
 the quyre of Ioyous garde he alyght and

put his hors from hym and came in to the c
 and there he sawe men synge and wepe / and
 they knewe syr Ector / but he knewe not th
 than wente syr Bors unto syr Ector and tolde
 how there laye his brother syr Launcelot de
 and than Syr Ector threwe hys shelde swerde
 helme from hym / and whan he behelde
 Launcelottes vysage he fyl down in a swoun /
 whan he waked it were harde ony tonge to
 the doleful complayntes that he made for
 brother / A Launcelot he sayd thou were hec
 all crysten knyghtes / and now I dare say saye
 Ector thou syr Launcelot there thou lvest
 thou were neuer matched of erthely knygh
 hande / and thou were the curtest knyght that
 bare shelde / and thou were the truest frend
 thy louar that euer bestrade hors / and thou
 the kyndest man that euer strake wyth swer
 and thou were the godelyest persone that euer
 emonge prees of knyghtes / and thou was
 mekest man and the jentylllest that euer ete in
 emonge ladyes / and thou were the sternest kny
 to thy mortal foo that euer put spere in
 breste / than there was wepyng and dolour ou
 mesure /

THE END OF THE MORTE DARTHUR

Here is the end of the booke of kyng Arthur
 of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table /
 whan they were hole togyders there was euer
 C and XL / and here is the ende of the detl
 Arthur / I praye you all Ientyl men and Ie

that redeth this book of Arthur and his
from the begynnyng to the endyng / praye
hyle I am on lyue that god sende me good
unce / and whan I am deed I praye you
for my soule / for this book was ended
yere of the reygne of kyng edward the
by syr Thomas Maleore knyght as Ihesu
ym for hys grete myght / as he is the
of Ihesu bothe day and nyght /

LORD BERNERS

(1467-1532)

THE DEATH OF BRUCE

IT fortunyd that kyng Robert of Scotland was right sore aged, and feble; for he was greatly charged with the great sickenes, so that ther was no way with hym but deth; and whan he felte that his ende drew nere, he sent for suche barones and lordis of his realme as he trusted best, and shewed them how there was no remedy with hym, but he must nedis leue this transetory lyfe, comandyng them on the faith and trouth that they owed hym, truly to kepe the realme and ayde the young prince Daud his sonne, that whan he wer of age they shulde obey hym, and crown hym kyng, and to mary hym in suche a place as was conuenient for his astate. Than he called to hym the gentle knyght, Sir James Duglas, and sayde before all the lordes, Syr James, my dere frend, ye knowe well that I have had moche ado in my dayes to uphold and susteyn the ryght of this realme, and whan I had most ado, I made a solemne vow, the whiche as yet I haue nat accomplysshed, whereof I am right sory; the whiche was, if I myght acheue and make ar

e of al my warres, so that I myght ones haue
aght this realme in rest and peace, than I
mysed in my mynd to haue gone and warred
Christis ennemies, aduersaries to our holy
isten faith. To this purpose myn hart hath
r entended, but our Lord wolde not consent
rto; for I haue had so moche ado in my
es, and now in my last entreprise, I haue
yn suche a malady, that I can nat escape.
d syth it is so that my body can nat go, nor
eue that my hart desireth, I wyll sende the
t in stede of the body, to accomplysshe myn
we. And bycause I knowe nat in all my
lme no knyght more valyaunt than ye be, nor
body so well furnysshed to accomplysshe myn
we in stede of myselfe, therfore I require you,
n owne dere aspeciall frende that ye wyll take
you this voiage, for the loue of me, and to
quite my soule agaynst my Lord God; for I
st so moche in your noblenes and trouth, that
ye wyll take on you, I doubte nat but that ye
ll achyue it, and than shall I dye in more ease
l quiete, so that it be done in suche maner as I
ll declare vnto you. I woll, that as soone as I
trepassed out of this worlde that ye take my
te owte of my body and enbawme it, and take
my treasoure, as ye shall thynke sufficient for
t entreprise, both for yourselfe, and suche
npany as ye wyll take with you, and present
hart to the holy Sepulchre, where as our
rd lay, seying my body can nat come there;
take with you suche company and purueyaunce
shal be aparteynyng to your astate. And where-
uer ye come let it be knowen howe ye cary with
the harte of kyng Robert of Scotland, at his

instance and desire to be presented to the holy Sepulchre. Than all the lordes that harde these wordes, wept for pitie. And whan this knyght, Sir James Duglas, myght speke for wepyng, he sayd, Ah gentle and noble kyng, a hundred tymes I thanke your grace of the great honour that ye do to me, sith of so noble and great treasure ye gyue me in charge; and syr, I shall do with a glad harte, all that ye haue commanded me, to the best of my true power; howe be it, I am nat worthy nor sufficient to achyue such a noble enterprise. Than the kyng sayd, Ah gentle knyght, I thank you, so that ye wyl promyse to do it. Syr, sayd the knyght, I shall do it vndoubtedly, by the faythe that I owe to God, and to the order of knyghthodde. Than I thanke you, sayd the kyng, for nowe shall I dye in more ease of mynde sith I know that the most worthy and sufficient knyght of my realme shall achyue for me, the whiche I coulde neuer atteyne vnto. And thus, soone after thys, noble Robert of Bruce kyng of Scotland trepassed out of this vncertayne worlde, and hys hart was taken out of his body, and enbaumed, and honorably he was entred in the Abbey of Donfremlyn in the yere of our Lord God, MCCCXXVII the vii day of the moneth of Nouembre.—FROISSART's *Chronicles*.

SIR THOMAS MORE

(1478-1535)

THE USE OF RECREATION

SOME manne if he bee sicke, can awaye with no wholesome meate, nor no medicine can goe downe with hym, but if it be tempered with some suche thyng for his fantasie as maketh the meate or the medicine lesse wholesome than it should be. And yet while it wil be no better, we must let him haue it so. Cassianus, the very vertuous manne, rehearseth in a certayne collacion of his that a certain holy father in makynge of a sermon, spake of heauen and heauenly thinges so celestially, that muche of his audyence with the swete sounde thereof beganne to forgeat all the world and fal aslepe: which when the father behelde, he dissembled their sleping and sodainly said unto them, "I shall tel you a mery tale." At whyche worde they lift up their heades and harkened unto that; and after the slepe therewith broken, heard hym tell on of Heauen agayne. In what wyse that good father rebuked then theyr untowarde mindes so dul unto the thyng that al our life we labour for, and so quicke and lustye towarde other trifles, I neither beare in minde, nor shall here neede to rehearse. But thus much of that

matter sufficeth for oure purpose, that whereas y
demaunde me whyther in tribulacion men maye
sometyme refreshe themselves with worldly mirt
and recreation, I can no more say, but he th
cannot long endure to hold up his head and he
talking of Heauen, except he be nowe and th
betwene (as though Heauen were heauines) refresh
with a meri folish tale, ther is none other reme
but you must let him haue it: better would I w
it, but I cannot helpe it.

SIR THOMAS ELYOT

(1490-1546)

COOKS AND SCHOOLMASTERS

A GENTLEMAN er he take a cooke into his service, will first examine him diligently howe many sortes of meates, pottages, and sauces he can perfectly make, and howe well he can seson them, that they may be both plesant and nourishinge; yea and if it bee but a fauconer, hee will scrupulously enquire what skill he hath in feeding, called diete, and keping of his hauke from al sicknes; also how he can reclaime hir and prepare hir to flighte. And to suche a cooke or faulconer, whome he fyndeth expert, he spareth not to giue muche wages with other bounteous rewards. But of a scholemaster, to whom he will commytt his childe, to be fed with learninge and instructed in vertue, whose life shal be the principal monument of his name and honour, he neuer maketh further inquirie but where he may haue a schoolemaister, and with howe lyttle charge. And if one perchance be founden, well learned, which will not take paynes to teach without great salarye, hee than speaketh nothing more, or els saith, What, shall so much wages be giuen to a

schoolmaister which would keepe me two seruantes
To whome may be saide these wordes, that by his
sonne being well learned he shall receiue more
commoditie and also worship, then by the seruice
of an hundred cookes and fauconers.

ROGER ASCHAM

(1515-1568)

GROOMS AND SCHOOLMASTERS

A good horseman is skilfull to know, and hable to tell others, how by certein sure signes a man may choise a colte, that is like to proue, an other day, excellent for the saddle. And it is pitie, that commonlie more care is had, yea and that emonges verie wise men, to finde out rather a cunningge man for their horse, than a cunningg man for their children. They say nay in worde, but they do so in dede. For, to the one, they will gladly giue a stipend of 200 Crounes by the yeare, and loth to offer to the other 200 shillings. God that sitteth in heauen laugheth them to skorne, and rewardeth their liberalitie as it should; for he suffereth them to haue tame and well-ordered horse, but wilde and unfortunate Children; and therfore in the ende they finde more pleasure in their horse than comforte in their children.

No learning ought to be learned with bondage. Fonde scholemasters neither can understand nor will follow this good counsell of Socrates, but wise ryders in their office can and will do both; which

is the onelie cause, that commonly the yong ientlemen of England go so vnwillinglie to schole and run so fast to the stable. For in verie deede fond scholemasters by feare do beat into them the hatred of learning, and wise ryders by gentle allurementes do breed vp in them the loue of riding. They finde feare and bondage in scholes, they feelee libertie and freedom in stables; which causeth them vtterlie to abhore the one, and most gladlie to haunt the other. And I do not write this that in exhorting to the one I would dissuade yong ientlemen from the other; yea I am sorie, with all my harte, that they be giuen no more to riding then they be. For of all outward qualities, to ride faire is most cumelie for him selfe, most necessarie for his contrey; and the greater he is in blood, the greater is his praise, the more he doth excede all other therein. It was one of the three excellent praises amongst the noble ientlemen the old *Persians*—Alwaise to say troth, to ride faire, and shote well; and so it was engrauen upon Darius' tumber, as Strabo beareth witnesse:

Darius the king lieth buried here,
Who in riding and shoting had neuer peare.

PARENTS AND SCHOOLMASTERS

Before I went into *Germanie*, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leaue of that noble Ladie *Iane Grey*, to whom I was exceding moch beholdinge. Hir parentes, the Duke and Duches, with all the houshold, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were huntinge in the Parke. I founde her in her Chamber, readinge *Phaedon Platonis* in Greeke,

with as moch delite, as som ientlemen
l a merie tale in *Bocace*. After salutation,
ie done, with som other taulke, I asked
she wold leese soch pastime in the Parke?
he answered me: I wisse all their sporte
rke is but a shadoe to that pleasure that I
Plato. Alas, good folke, they neuer felt
re pleasure ment. And howe came you,
quoth I, to this deepe knowledge of
and what did chieflie allure you vnto it,
ot many women but verie fewe men haue
hereunto? I will tell you, quoth she, and
troth, which perchance ye will meruell at.
he greatest benefites that euer God gaue
t he sent me so sharpe and seuerer Parentes,
tle a scholemaster. For when I am in
either of father or mother, whether I
epe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke,
or sad, be sowyng, plaiyng, dauncing, or
ie thing els, I must do it, as it were, in
ght, mesure, and number, euen so perfitelie
made the world; or else I am so sharplie
so cruellie threatened, yea presentlie some
th pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other
nich I will not name for the honor I beare
without measure misordered, that I thinke
in hell, till tyme cum, that I must go to
; who teacheth me so ientlie, so pleasantlie,
faire allurementes to learning, that I think
me nothing whiles I am with him. And
am called from him, I fall on weeping,
what soeuer I do els but learning is ful of
uble, feare, and whole misliking vnto me.
is my booke hath bene so moch my
and bringeth dayly to me more pleasure

and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures in very deede, be but trifles and troubles vnto me.

VOICE PRODUCTION

Truelye two degrees of men which haue the highest offices under the Kinge in all this realme shall greatly lacke the use of singinge, *Preachers* and *Lawyers*, because they shall not, without this, be able to rule their breastes for everye purpose. For where is no distinction in tellinge glade thinges and fearful thinges, gentlenes and cruelnes, softnes and vehementnes, and such like matters, there can be no great perswasion. For the hearers, as *Tullie* sayth, be much affectioned as he is that speaketh. At his words be they drawn; if he stand still in one fashion, their mindes stande still with him; if he thunder, they quake; if he chide, they fere; if he complaine, they sorye with him; and finallye where a matter is spoken with an apte voice for everye affection, the hearers, for the most part, are moved as the speaker woulde. But when a man is alwaye in one tune, like an humble bee, or els now in the top of the churche now downe, that no man knoweth where to haue him; or piping like a reede or roringe like a bull, as some lawyers do, which thincke they do best when they crye lowdest, these shall never greatly moue, as I have knowen manye well-learned have done, because theyr voice was not stayed afore with learninge to singe. For all voyces, great and small, base and shrill, weake or soft, may be holpen and brought to a good point by learning to singe.

RICHARD HOOKER

(1554-1600)

OF MUSIC

ACHING Musical Harmony, whether by Instrument by Voice, it being but of high and low in-
ds a due proportionable disposition, such not-
standing is the force thereof, and so pleasing
cts it hath in that very part of man which is
t Divine, that some have been thereby induced
hink that the Soul it self by Nature is, or hath
Harmony. A thing which delighteth all Ages,
beseemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in
f as in joy; as decent being added unto actions
greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when
most sequester themselves from action. The
on hereof is an admirable facility which Musick
n to express and represent to the mind, more
ardly than any other sensible mean, the very
ding, rising and falling, the very steps and
ctions every way, the turns and varieties of all
sions, whereunto the mind is subject; yea, so to
tate them, that whether it resemble unto us the
e state wherein our minds already are, or a clean
trary, we are not more contentedly by the one
firmed, than changed and led away by the
er. In Harmony, the very Image and Cha-

racter, even, of Vertue and Vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their Resemblances, and brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of Harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, in as much as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mollified and softned in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections. There is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity, there is also that carrieth as it were into ecstasies, filling the mind with anheavenly joy and for the time, in a manner, severing it from the body.

OF ANGELS

But now that we may lift up our eyes (as it were from the Foot-stool to the Throne of God, and leaving these Natural, consider a little the state of Heavenly and Divine Creatures: Touching Angels, which are Spirits Immaterial and Intellectual, the glorious Inhabitants of those sacred Palaces, where nothing but Light and Blessed Immortality, no shadow of matter for tears, discontentments, griefs, and uncomfortable passions to work upon; but all joy, tranquillity, and peace, even for ever and ever doth dwell. As in number and order they are huge, mighty, and royal Armies so likewise in perfection of obedience unto the Law, which the Highest, whom they adore, love

nitate, hath imposed upon them. Such objects they are thereof, that our Saviour himself to set down the perfect *Idea* of that which he to pray and wish for on Earth, did not to pray or wish for more, than only that here he be with us, as with them it is in Heaven. which moveth meer Natural Agents as animals only, doth otherwise move Intellectual creatures, and especially his Holy Angels; For seeing the Face of God, in admiration of so excellency, they all adore him; and being with the love of his beauty, they cleave continually for ever unto him. Desire to resemble his goodness, maketh them unweariable and insatiable in their longing to do by all manner of good unto all the Creatures of God, especially unto the Children of Men. In the likeness of whose Nature looking downward, behold themselves beneath themselves, even as he in God, beneath whom themselves are, see that character which is no where but in themselves and us, resembled.

OF LAW

Law there can be no less acknowledged, than her Seat is the Bosom of God, her Voice the Echo of the World: All things in Heaven and Earth do her homage, the very least as feeling creatures, and the greatest as not exempted from power: Both Angels, and Men, and Creatures at conditions soever, though each in different manner, yet all with uniform consent, sing her as the Mother of their Peace and Joy.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

(1554-1586)

A MORNING IN ARCADIA

THE third day after, in the time that the morn
did strow roses and violets in the heavenly flo
against the coming of the Sun, the nighting
(striving one with the other which coulede in m
dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sor
made them put of their sleep; and rising fr
under a tree (which that night had bin th
pavilion) they went on their iorney, which
and by welcomed *Musidorus* eyes (wearied w
the wasted soile of Laconia) with delight
prospects. There were hilles which garnis
their proud heights with stately trees; hum
valleis, whose base estate semed comforted v
refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enameld v
al sorts of ey-pleasing floures; thickets, wh
being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnes
so to by the chereful deposition of so many v
tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep feed
with sober security, while the prety lambs v
bleting oratory craved the dams' comfort; he
shepherd's boy piping, as though he should n
be old; there a young shepherdess knitting,

singing, and it seemed that her voice
 ted her hands to work, and her hands kept
 o her voice's musick.

POETRY AND MORALS

we therein of all Sciences (I speak still of
 ie, and according to the humane conceits)

Poet the Monarch. For he dooth not
 hew the way, but giveth so sweete a prospect
 he way as will intice any man to enter into
 lay, he dooth, as if your iourney should lye
 gh a fayre Vineyard, at the first give you a
 : of Grapes; that, full of that taste, you may
 to passe further. He beginneth not with
 e definitions, which must blur the margent
 interpretations, and load the memory with
 fulnesse; but hee commeth to you with words
 delightfull proportion, either accompanied
 or prepared for the well-inchaunting skill of
 ke; and with a tale forsooth he commeth
 ou, with a tale which holdeth children from
 and old men from the chimney corner; and,
 ding no more, doth intende the winning of
 ind from wickednesse to vertue; even as the
 is often brought to take most wholesom
 , by hiding them in such other as have a
 nt tast; which, if one should beginne to tell
 the nature of *Aloes* or *Rubarb* they shoulde
 e, woulde sooner take their Phisicke at their
 then at their mouth. So is it in men. (most
 ich are childish in the best things, till they
 radled in their graves,) glad they will be to
 the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, and

Aeneas; and hearing them, must needs have a right description of wisdom, valure, and which, if they had been barely, that is Philosophically set out, they would sweetly be brought to schoole againe.

POETRY AND VALOUR

Is it the lyric that most displeaseth, who tuned lyre, and well-accorded voice, giveth the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts? whether moral precepts, and natural problems? who sometimes raiseth up his voice to the height of heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal? Certainly, I must confess my own barbarous never heard the old song of Percy and that I found not my heart moved more than by a trumpet; and yet is it sung but by some crowder, with no rougher voice than such which, being so evil-apparelled in the cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would be trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? In Hungary I have seen it the manner at such and other such meetings, to have songs of ancestors' valour; which that right soldierly nation think the chiefest kindlers of brave spirits. The incomparable Lacedaemonians did not carry that kind of music ever with them into the field; but even at home, as such songs were so were they all content to be the singers when the lusty men were to tell what they had done, and the young men what they would do.

LAUGHTER AND DELIGHT

But our Comedians thinke there is no delight without laughter; which is very wrong, for though laughter may come with delight, yet commeth it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter. But well may one thing breed both together. Nay, rather in themselves they have as it were a kind of contrarietie; for delight we scarcely doe, but in things that have a conveniencie to our selves or to the generall nature; laughter almost ever commeth of things most disproportioned to our selves and nature. Delight hath a ioy in it, either permanent or present. Laughter hath onely a scornful tickling. For example, we are ravished with delight to see a faire woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter. We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight. We delight in good chaunces, we laugh at mischaunces; we delight to heare the happines of our friends or Country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at, that would laugh; we shall contrarily laugh sometimes to finde a matter quite mistaken and goe downe the hill agaynst the byas, in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them, one shalbe hartely sorry, yet he cannot chuse but laugh; and so is rather pained then delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not, but that they may goe well together; for as in *Alexander's* picture well set out we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad Anticks we laugh without delight: so in *Hercules*, painted with his great beard and furious countenance in woman's attire,

spinning at *Omphale's* commaundement, it breed both delight and laughter. For the representing of so strange a power in love produces delight; and the scornefulnes of the action still laughter.

SIR THOMAS NORTH

(Died 1603)

THE ANGER OF CORIOLANUS

was even twy light when he entred the cittie of Antium, and many people met him in the streetes, but no man knewe him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius' house, and when he came thither, he got him up straight to the chimney harthe, and layd him downe, and spake not a worde to any man, but face all muffled over. They of the house seeing him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not byd him rise. For ill-favoredly apparelled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared certaine majestie in his countenance, and in his gait; whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the straunge disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the borde, and coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled himselfe, and after he had paused a while, making no answer, he sayed unto him: "If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and, seeing me, dost not perhappes leeve me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessity bewraye my selfe to be that I am. I am Marcus Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly,

and to all the Volsces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had other benefit or recompence, of all the true and paynted service I have done, and the extreme daungers I have bene in, but this only surname; a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest beare me. In deede the name of Coriolanus remaineth with me; for the rest, the envie and crueltie of the people of Rome have taken from me; by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath not driven me to come as a poore suter, to take shelter in chimney harthe, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to have put my life in hazard; but prickt forward with spite and desire, I have to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, whom now I beginne to be avenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore if thou hast any harte to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speake to me now, and let my miserie serve thy turne, and so use it, as my service maye be a benefit to the Volsces; promising thee, that I will fight with thee with better good will for all you then ever I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valliantly who knowe the force of their enemies then such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to prove fortune any more; then am I also wearye to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee, to save the life of him who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemye, and who

he now can nothing helpe nor pleasure
" Tullus hearing what he sayed, was a
elous glad man, and taking him by the hande,
yed unto him: Stande up, O Martius and bee
od chere, for in profering thy selfe unto us, thou
us great honour; and by this meanes thou mayest
also of greater things, at all the Volsces'
es. So he feasted him for that time, and
tained him in the honorablest manner he could,
ig with him in no other matters at that present.
UTARCH'S *Lives of the Noble Grecians and*
ans.

RICHARD HAKLUYT

(1553-1616)

AN EARLY IMPERIALIST

I MARVAILE not a little that since the first discovery of America (which is nowe full fourescore tenne yeeres), after so great conquests and plantings of the Spaniardes and Portingales there, that we of Englande could neuer haue the grace to set footing in such fertil and temperate places as are as yet vnpossessed of them. But againe, when we consider that there is a time for all men, and that the Portingales' time to be out of date, and that the nakednesse of the Spaniards and their long hidden secretes are nowe at length espied, whereby they went about to delude the worlde, I conceiue great hope that the time approacheth and nowe is, that we of England may share and part stakes (if we will ourselues) both with the Spaniard and Portingale, in part of America and other regions as yet vndiscovered. And surely if there were in us that desire to aduance the honour of our Countrey which ought to bee in euery good man, wee would not all this while haue forslowne¹ the possessing of those landes whiche of equitie and right apper-

¹ Delayed.

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(1554-1586)

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under a tree (which that night had bin th
pavilion) they went on their iorney, which
and by welcomed *Musidorus* eyes (wearied v
the wasted soile of Laconia) with delight
prospects. There were hilles which garnis
their proud heights with stately trees; hun
valleis, whose base estate semed comforted v
refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enameld v
al sorts of ey-pleasing floures; thickets, wh
being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnes
so to by the chereful deposition of so many v
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POETRY AND VALOUR

Is it the lyric that most displeaseth, who with tuned lyre, and well-accorded voice, giveth the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts? who general moral precepts, and natural problems? who sometimes raiseth up his voice to the height of heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal C Certainly, I must confess my own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than a trumpet; and yet is it sung but by some crowder, with no rougher voice than rude songs which, being so evil-apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it be trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? In Hungary I have seen it the manner at all such and other such meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valour; which that right soldierly nation think the chiefest kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable Lacedaemonians did not carry that kind of music ever with them to the field; but even at home, as such songs were read, so were they all content to be the singers of them when the lusty men were to tell what they did, and old men what they had done, and the young men what they would do.

LAUGHTER AND DELIGHT

But our Comedians thinke there is no delight without laughter; which is very wrong, for though laughter may come with delight, yet commeth it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter. But well may one thing breed both together. Nay, rather in themselves they have as it were a kind of contrarietie; for delight we scarcely doe, but in things that have a conveniencie to our selves or to the generall nature; laughter almost ever commeth of things most disproportioned to our selves and nature. Delight hath a ioy in it, either permanent or present. Laughter hath onely a scornful tickling. For example, we are ravished with delight to see a faire woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter. We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight. We delight in good chaunces, we laugh at mischaunces; we delight to heare the happines of our friends or Country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at, that would laugh; we shall contrarily laugh sometimes to finde a matter quite mistaken and goe downe the hill agaynst the byas, in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them, one shalbe hartely sorry, yet he cannot chuse but laugh; and so is rather pained then delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not, but that they may goe well together; for as in *Alexander's* picture well set out we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad Anticks we laugh without delight: so in *Hercules*, painted with his great beard and furious countenance in woman's attire,

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SIR THOMAS NORTH

(Died 1603)

THE ANGER OF CORIOLANUS

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Tullus rose presently from the borde, and
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and to all the Volsces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had other benefit or recompence, of all the true and paynefull service I have done, and the extreme daungers I have bene in, but this only surname; a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest beare me. In deede the name only remaineth with me; for the rest, the envie and crueltie of the people of Rome have taken from me by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driven me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to have put my life in hazard; but prickt forward with spite and desire I have to be revenged of them, that thus have banished me, whom now I beginne to be avenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore if thou hast any harte to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, spede thee now, and let my miserie serve thy turne, and so use it, as my service maye be a benefit to the Volsces; promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you then ever I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valliantly who knowe the force of their enemy then such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to prove fortune any more; then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee, to save the life of him who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemy, and whose

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 PLUTARCH’S *Lives of the Noble Grecians and
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RICHARD HAKLUYT
(1553-1616)

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I MARVAILE not a little that since the first discoverie of America (which is nowe full fourescore and tenne yeeres), after so great conquests and planting of the Spaniards and Portingales there, that wee Englande could neuer haue the grace to set footing in such fertil and temperate places as are left as yet vnpossessed of them. But againe, when we consider that there is a time for all men, and that the Portingales' time to be out of date, and that the nakednesse of the Spaniards and their long hidden secretes are nowe at length espied, whereby they went about to delude the worlde, I conceiue great hope that the time approacheth and nowe is, that wee of England may share and part stakes (if we will ourselues) both with the Spaniard and the Portingale, in part of America and other regions as yet vndiscovered. And surely if there were in that desire to aduance the honour of our Countrey which ought to bee in euery good man, wee would not all this while haue forslowne¹ the possessing those landes whiche of equitie and right appertain

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POETRY AND MORALS

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It was even twy light when he entred the cittie of Antium, and many people met him in the streetes, but no man knewe him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius' house, and when he came thither, he got him up straight to the chimney harthe, and sat him downe, and spake not a worde to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not byd him rise. For ill-favoredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certaine majestie in his countenance, and in his silence; whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the straunge disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the borde, and comming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled him selfe, and after he had paused a while, making no answer, he sayed unto him: "If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and, seeing me, dost not perhappes beleve me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessitie bewraye my selfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly,

and to all the Volsces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had other benefit or recompence, of all the true and paynefull service I have done, and the extreme daungers I have bene in, but this only surname; a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest beare me. In deede the name only remaineth with me; for the rest, the envie and crueltie of the people of Rome have taken from me by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driven me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to have put my life in hazard; but prickt forward with spite and desire I have to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, whom now I beginne to be avenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore if thou hast any harte to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speede thee now, and let my miserie serve thy turne, and so use it, as my service maye be a benefit to the Volsces; promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you then ever I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valliantly who knowe the force of their enemy then such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to prove fortune any more; then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee, to save the life of him who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemy, and whose

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mountaines of yce euen in June, July, and August, unto what hideous overfals, uncertaine currents, darke mistes and fogs, and diuers other fearefull inconueniences they were subiect and in danger of. And here by the way I cannot but highly commend the great industry and magnanimity of the Hollanders, who within these few yeeres haue discovered to 78, yea (as themselves affirme) to 81 degrees of Northerly latitude; yet with this prouiso: that our English nation led them the dance, brake the yce before them, and gaue them good leaue to light their candle at our torch. But nowe it is high time for us to weigh our ancre, to hoise up our sailes, to get cleare of these boistrous, frosty, and misty seas, and with all speede to direct our course for the milde, lightsome, temperate, and warme Atlantick Ocean, over which the Spaniards and Portugales haue made so many pleasant, prosperous, and golden voyages. And albeit I cannot deny, that both of them in their East and West Indian nauigations haue indured many tempests, dangers, and shipwracks; yet this dare I boldly affirme: first that a great number of them haue satisfied their fame-thirsty and gold-thirsty mindes with that reputation and wealth, which made all perils and misaduentures seeme tolerable unto them; and, secondly, that their first attempts (which in this comparison I doe onely stand upon) were no whit more difficult and dangerous then ours to the Northeast. For admit that the way was much longer, yet was it neuer barred with yce, mist, or darkness, but was at all seasons of the yeere open and Nauigable; yea and that for the most part with fortunate and fit gales of winde. Moreouer, they had no forren prince to intercept or molest

, but their owne Townes, Islands, and maine
to succour them. And had they not con-
ll and yerely trade in some one part or other
Africa, for getting of slaues, for sugar, for
hants' teeth, graines, siluer, gold, and other
ious wares, which serued as allurements to draw
on by little and little, and as propes to stay
from giuing over their attempts? But nowe
s leaue them and returne home unto ourselues.

SIR WALTER RALEGH
(1552-1618)

RALEGH IN DISGRACE

My heart was never broken till this day, that I hear the Queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire, in so many journeys, and am now left behind her in a dark prison all alone. While she was yet nigher at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less; but even now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery. I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph, sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometime singing like an angel, sometime playing like Orpheus; behold the sorrow of this world! once amiss hath bereaved me of all. O glory, that only shineth in misfortune, what is become of thy assurance! all wounds have scars, but that of fantasy; all affections their relenting, but that of womankind. Who is the judge of friendship but adversity, or when is grace witnessed but in offences? There were no divinity but by reason of compassion; for revenges

rutish and mortal. All those times past, the
sighs, the sorrows, the desires, can they
weigh down one frail misfortune? Cannot one
of gall be hidden in so great heaps of sweet-
? I may then conclude, *spes et fortuna, valete*.
is gone in whom I trusted, and of me hath not
thought of mercy, nor any respect of that that

Do with me now therefore what you list.
more weary of life than they are desirous I
ld perish; which if it had been for her, as it is
er, I had been too happily born.

RALEGH TO HIS WIFE

was loath to write, because I know not how to
fort you, and God knows, I never knew what
ow meant till now. All that I can say to you
hat you must obey the will and providence of
I, and remember, that the Queen's Majesty
the loss of Prince *Henry* with a magnanimous
art, and the Lady *Harrington* of her only Son.
nfort your Heart (dearest Bess), I shall sorrow
us both; and I shall sorrow the less, because I
e not long to sorrow because not long to live. I
r you to Mr. Secretary *Winwood's* Letter, who
give you a Copy of it, if you send for it; therein
shall know what hath passed; which I have
ten by that Letter, for my Brains are broken,
it is a torment to me to write, especially of
ery. I have desired Mr. Secretary to give my
d *Carew* a Copy of his Letter. I have cleansed
Ship of sick Men, and sent them home; and
e that God will send us somewhat before we
rn; commend me to all at *Lothbury*. You

and to all the Volsces generally, great hurt mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had benefit or recompence, of all the true and pay service I have done, and the extreme daunce have bene in, but this only surname; a memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest beare me. In deede the name remaineth with me; for the rest, the envy and crueltie of the people of Rome have taken from me by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath driven me to come as a poore suter, to talke at thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to have put my life in hazard; but prickt forward with spite and revenge. I have to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, whom now I beginne to be avenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore if thou hast any harte to be wretched of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, thee now, and let my miserie serve thy purpose, and so use it, as my service maye be a benefit to the Volsces; promising thee, that I will fight for thee with better good will for all you then ever I dyd against you, knowing that they fight valiantly who knowe the force of their enemies, then such as have never proved it. And if it be that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more; then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee, to save the life of him who hath killed heretofore thy mortall enemy, and

service now can nothing helpe nor pleasure thee." Tullus hearing what he sayed, was a marvelous glad man, and taking him by the hande, he sayed unto him: Stande up, O Martius and bee of good chere, for in profering thy selfe unto us, thou dost us great honour; and by this meanes thou mayest hope also of greater things, at all the Volsces' handes. So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honorablest manner he could, talking with him in no other matters at that present. —PLUTARCH'S *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*.

RICHARD HAKLUYT

(1553-1616)

AN EARLY IMPERIALIST

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ENGLISH AND SPANISH EXPLORERS

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mountaines of yce euen in June, July, and August, unto what hideous overfals, uncertaine currents, darke mistes and fogs, and diuers other fearefull inconueniences they were subiect and in danger of. And here by the way I cannot but highly commend the great industry and magnanimity of the Hollanders, who within these few yeeres haue discovered to 78, yea (as themselues affirme) to 81 degrees of Northerly latitude; yet with this prouiso: that our English nation led them the dance, brake the yce before them, and gaue them good leaue to light their candle at our torch. But nowe it is high time for us to weigh our ancre, to hoise up our sailes, to get cleare of these boistrous, frosty, and misty seas, and with all speede to direct our course for the milde, lightsome, temperate, and warme Atlantick Ocean, over which the Spaniards and Portugales haue made so many pleasant, prosperous, and golden voyages. And albeit I cannot deny, that both of them in their East and West Indian nauigations haue indured many tempests, dangers, and shipwracks; yet this dare I boldly affirme: first that a great number of them haue satisfied their fame-thirsty and gold-thirsty mindes with that reputation and wealth, which made all perils and misaduentures seeme tolerable unto them; and, secondly, that their first attempts (which in this comparison I doe onely stand upon) were no whit more difficult and dangerous then ours to the Northeast. For admit that the way was much longer, yet was it neuer barred with yce, mist, or darkness, but was at all seasons of the yeere open and Nauigable; yea and that for the most part with fortunate and fit gales of winde. Moreouer, they had no forren prince to intercept or molest

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SIR WALTER RALEGH
(1552-1618)

RALEGH IN DISGRACE

My heart was never broken till this day, that I hear the Queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire, in so many journeys, and am now left behind her in a dark prison all alone. While she was yet nigher at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less; but even now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery. I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph, sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometime singing like an angel, sometime playing like Orpheus; behold the sorrow of this world! once amiss hath bereaved me of all. O glory, that only shineth in misfortune, what is become of thy assurance! all wounds have scars, but that of fantasy; all affections their relenting, but that of womankind. Who is the judge of friendship but adversity, or when is grace witnessed but in offences? There were no divinity but by reason of compassion; for revenges

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RALEGH TO HIS WIFE

I was loath to write, because I know not how to
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pe that God will send us somewhat before we
urn; commend me to all at *Lothbury*. You

shall hear from me, if I live, from New-found-land, where I mean to clean my Ships and revictual; for I have Tobacco enough to pay for it. The Lord bless and comfort you, that you may bear patiently the Death of your most valiant Son.

This 22 of March, From the Isle of Christopher's,
yours, WALTER RALEGH.

DEATH THE COUNSELLOR

For the rest, if we seeke a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundlesse ambition in mortall man, we may adde to that which hath beene already said: that the Kings and Princes of the world haue alwaies laid before them the actions, but not the ends of those Great Ones which preceded them. They are alwayes transported with the glorie of the one; but they neuer minde the miserie of the other, till they finde the experience in themselues. They neglect the counsel of God while they enioy life, or hope of it; but they follow the counsell of Death vpon his first approach. It is hee that puts into man all wisdom of the world, without speaking a word; which God with all the words of his Law promises or threats doth infuse. *Death*, which hateth and destroyeth man, is beleeued; God, which made him and loves him, is alwaies deferred. "*I have considered,*" saith Salomon, "*all the workes that are under the Sunne; and behold! all is vanitie and vexation of spirit;*" but who beleeueth it, till Death tells it vs?

It was Death which, opening the conscience of *Charles the Fifth*, made him enioyne his sonne *Philip* to restore *Nauarre*; and King *Francis* the

First of France to command that iustice should be done vpon the Murderers of the Protestants in *Merindol* and *Cabrieres*, which til then he neglected.

It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himselfe. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but Abiects, and humbles them at the instant; makes them crie, complaine, and repent; yea, euen to hate their forepassed happinesse. He takes the account of the rich, and proues him a beggar; a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the grauell that fills his mouth. He holds a glasse before the eyes of the most beautifull, and makes them see therein their deformitie and rottennesse; and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, iust, and mighty Death! Whom none could aduise, thou hast perswaded! What none have dared, thou hast done! And whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised! Thou hast drawne together all the farre stretched greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie, and ambition of man; and couered it all ouer with these two narrow words: *Hic iacet.*

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SIR THOMAS NORTH
(Died 1603)

THE ANGER OF CORIOLANUS

It was even twy light when he entred the cittie of Antium, and many people met him in the streetes, but no man knewe him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius' house, and when he came thither, he got him up straight to the chimney harthe, and sat him downe, and spake not a worde to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not byd him rise. For ill-favoredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certaine majestie in his countenance, and in his silence; whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the straunge disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the borde, and comming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled him selfe, and after he had paused a while, making no answer, he sayed unto him: "If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and, seeing me, dost not perhappes beleve me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessitie bewraye my selfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly,

and to all the Volsces generally, great hurt mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had benefit or recompence, of all the true and pay service I have done, and the extreme daunce have bene in, but this only surname; a memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest beare me. In deede the name remaineth with me; for the rest, the envy and crueltie of the people of Rome have taken from me by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath driven me to come as a poore suter, to talke at thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to have put my life in hazard; but prickt forward with spite and revenge. I have to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, whom now I beginne to be avenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore if thou hast any harte to be revenged of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, thee now, and let my miserie serve thy purpose, and so use it, as my service maye be a benefit to the Volsces; promising thee, that I will fight for thee better good will for all you then ever I dyd. I was against you, knowing that they fight valiantly who knowe the force of their enemies, then such as have never proved it. And if it be that thou dare not, and that thou art weary of to prove fortune any more; then am I also content to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee, to save the life of him who hath heretofore thy mortall enemy, and

vnto vs, as by the discourses that followe shall appeare most plainely. Yea, if wee would beholde with the eye of pitie howe al our Prisons are pestered and filled with able men to serue their Countrie, which for small roberies are dayly hanged vp in great numbers, euen twentie at a clappe out of one iayle (as was seene at the last assises at Rochester), wee would hasten and further euery man to his power the deducting of some Colonies of our superfluous people into those temperate and fertile partes of America, which being within sixe weekes' sayling of England, are yet vnpossessed by any Christians, and seeme to offer themselues vnto vs, stretching neerer vnto her Maiestie's Dominions then to any other part of Europe.

ENGLISH AND SPANISH EXPLORERS

But besides the foresaid uncertaintie, into what dangers and difficulties they plunged themselues, I tremble to recount. For first they were to expose themselues unto the rigour of the sterne and uncouth Northern seas, and to make triall of the swelling waues and boistrous winds which there commonly do surge and blow; then were they to saile by the ragged and perilous coast of Norway, to frequent the unhaunted shoares of Finmark, to double the dreadfull and misty North Cape, to beare with Willoughbie's land, to run along within kenning of the Countreys of Lapland and Corelia, and as it were to open and unlocke the seuenfold mouth of Duina. Moreover, in their North-easterly Navigations, unto what drifts of snow and

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them, but their owne Townes, Islands, and maine lands to succour them. And had they not continuall and yerely trade in some one part or other of Africa, for getting of slaues, for sugar, for Elephants' teeth, graines, siluer, gold, and other precious wares, which serued as allurements to draw them on by little and little, and as proppes to stay them from giuing over their attempts? But nowe let us leaue them and retorne home unto ourselues.

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RALEGH IN DISGRACE

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RALEGH TO HIS WIFE

I was loath to write, because I know not how to comfort you, and God knows, I never knew what sorrow meant till now. All that I can say to you is, that you must obey the will and providence of God, and remember, that the Queen's Majesty bare the loss of Prince *Henry* with a magnanimous Heart, and the Lady *Harrington* of her only Son. Comfort your Heart (dearest Bess), I shall sorrow for us both; and I shall sorrow the less, because I have not long to sorrow because not long to live. I refer you to Mr. Secretary *Winwood's* Letter, who will give you a Copy of it, if you send for it; therein you shall know what hath passed; which I have written by that Letter, for my Brains are broken, and it is a torment to me to write, especially of Misery. I have desired Mr. Secretary to give my Lord *Carew* a Copy of his Letter. I have cleansed my Ship of sick Men, and sent them home; and hope that God will send us somewhat before we return; commend me to all at *Lothbury*. You

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ARCH'S *Lives of the Noble Grecians and*

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a, for getting of slaues, for sugar, for
s' teeth, graines, siluer, gold, and other
wares, which serued as allurements to draw
by little and little, and as proppes to stay
om giuing over their attempts? But nowe
ue them and retorne home unto ourselues.

SIR WALTER RALEGH
(1552-1618)

RALEGH IN DISGRACE

My heart was never broken till this day, th
hear the Queen goes away so far off, whom I
followed so many years with so great love
desire, in so many journeys, and am now
behind her in a dark prison all alone. Whil
was yet nigher at hand, that I might hear o
once in two or three days, my sorrows wer
less; but even now my heart is cast into the
of all misery. I that was wont to behold
riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, wa
like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair
about her pure cheeks, like a nymph, som
sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometime si
like an angel, sometime playing like Orpl
behold the sorrow of this world! once amiss
bereaved me of all. O glory, that only shine
misfortune, what is become of thy assurance
wounds have scars, but that of fantasy; all affect
their relenting, but that of womankind. W
the judge of friendship but adversity, or wh
grace witnessed but in offences? There we
divinity but by reason of compassion; for rev

are brutish and mortal. All those times past, the loves, the sighs, the sorrows, the desires, can they not weigh down one frail misfortune? Cannot one drop of gall be hidden in so great heaps of sweetness? I may then conclude, *spes et fortuna, valet*. She is gone in whom I trusted, and of me hath not one thought of mercy, nor any respect of that that was. Do with me now therefore what you list. I am more weary of life than they are desirous I should perish; which if it had been for her, as it is by her, I had been too happily born.

RALEGH TO HIS WIFE

I was loath to write, because I know not how to comfort you, and God knows, I never knew what sorrow meant till now. All that I can say to you is, that you must obey the will and providence of God, and remember, that the Queen's Majesty bare the loss of Prince *Henry* with a magnanimous Heart, and the Lady *Harrington* of her only Son. Comfort your Heart (dearest Bess), I shall sorrow for us both; and I shall sorrow the less, because I have not long to sorrow because not long to live. I refer you to Mr. Secretary *Winwood's* Letter, who will give you a Copy of it, if you send for it; therein you shall know what hath passed; which I have written by that Letter, for my Brains are broken, and it is a torment to me to write, especially of Misery. I have desired Mr. Secretary to give my Lord *Carew* a Copy of his Letter. I have cleansed my Ship of sick Men, and sent them home; and hope that God will send us somewhat before we return; commend me to all at *Lothbury*. You

shall hear from me, if I live, from New-found-land, where I mean to clean my Ships and revictual; for I have Tobacco enough to pay for it. The Lord bless and comfort you, that you may bear patiently the Death of your most valiant Son.

This 22 of March, From the Isle of Christopher's,
yours, WALTER RALEGH.

DEATH THE COUNSELLOR

For the rest, if we seeke a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundlesse ambition in mortall man, we may adde to that which hath beene already said: that the Kings and Princes of the world haue alwaies laid before them the actions, but not the ends of those Great Ones which preceded them. They are alwayes transported with the glorie of the one; but they neuer minde the miserie of the other, till they finde the experience in themselves. They neglect the counsel of God while they enioy life, or hope of it; but they follow the counsell of Death vpon his first approach. It is hee that puts into man all wisdom of the world, without speaking a word; which God with all the words of his Law promises or threats doth infuse. *Death*, which hateth and destroyeth man, is beleueed; God, which made him and loves him, is alwaies deferred. "*I have considered,*" saith Salomon, "*all the workes that are under the Sunne; and behold! all is vanitie and vexation of spirit;*" but who beleeueth it, till Death tells it vs?

It was Death which, opening the conscience of *Charles the First*, made him enioyne his sonne *Philip* to restore *Nauarre*; and King *Francis* the

st of *France* to command that iustice should be
e vpon the Murderers of the Protestants in
Arindol and *Cabrieries*, which til then he neglected.
It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly
ke man to know himselfe. He tells the proud
insolent that they are but Abiects, and humbles
m at the instant; makes them crie, complaine,
repent; yea, euen to hate their forepassed
pinesse. He takes the account of the rich, and
ues him a beggar; a naked beggar, which hath
rest in nothing but in the grauell that fills his
th. He holds a glasse before the eyes of
most beautifull, and makes them see therein
r deformitie and rottennesse; and they acknow-
ge it.

O eloquent, iust, and mighty Death! : Whom
e could aduise, thou hast perswaded! : What
e have dared, thou hast done! : And whom all
world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of
world and despised! : Thou hast drawne to-
er all the farre stretched greatnesse, all the
e, crueltie, and ambition of man; and couered
ll ouer with these two narrow words: *Hic*
t.

spinning at *Omphale's* commaundement, it bree both delight and laughter. For the representing of so strange a power in love procu delight ; and the scornefulnes of the action stir laughter.

SIR THOMAS NORTH
(Died 1603)

THE ANGER OF CORIOLANUS

It was even twy light when he entred the cittie of Antium, and many people met him in the streetes, but no man knewe him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius' house, and when he came thither, he got him up straight to the chimney harthe, and sat him downe, and spake not a worde to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not byd him rise. For ill-favoredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certaine majestie in his countenance, and in his silence; whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the straunge disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the borde, and comming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled him selfe, and after he had paused a while, making no answer, he sayed unto him: "If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and, seeing me, dost not perhappes beleve me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessitie bewraye my selfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly,

spinning at *Omphale's* commaundement, it breed both delight and laughter. For the reproof of so strange a power in love produces delight; and the scornfulness of the action still laughter.

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and to all the Volsces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had other benefit or recompence, of all the true and payned service I have done, and the extreme daunger I have bene in, but this only surname; a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest beare me. In deede the name of Rome remaineth with me; for the rest, the envie and crueltie of the people of Rome have taken from me by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driven me to come as a poore suter, to take shelter in thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to have put my life in hazard; but prickt forward with spite and desire, I have to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, whom now I beginne to be avenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore if thou hast any harte to be wreched of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, spare me now, and let my miserie serve thy turne, and so use it, as my service maye be a benefit to the Volsces; promising thee, that I will fight with a better good will for all you then ever I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valliantly who knowe the force of their enemies then such as have never proved it. And if it be that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to prove fortune any more; then am I also wearye to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee, to save the life of him who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemye, and wh

now can nothing helpe nor pleasure

Tullus hearing what he sayed, was a
ous glad man, and taking him by the hande,
d unto him : Stande up, O Martius and bee
l chere, for in profering thy selfe unto us, thou
great honour ; and by this meanes thou mayest
also of greater things, at all the Volscēs'

. So he feasted him for that time, and
ined him in the honorablest manner he could,
with him in no other matters at that present.

TARCH'S *Lives of the Noble Grecians and*
s.

RICHARD HAKLUYT
(1553-1616)

AN EARLY IMPERIALIST

I MARUAILE not a little that since the first discoverie of America (which is now full fourescore and tenne yeeres), after so great conquests and plantings of the Spaniardes and Portingales there, that wee of Englande could neuer haue the grace to set fast footing in such fertil and temperate places as are left as yet vnpossessed of them. But againe, when I consider that there is a time for all men, and see the Portingales' time to be out of date, and that the nakednesse of the Spaniards and their long hidded secretes are now at length espied, whereby they went about to delude the worlde, I conceiue great hope that the time approacheth and now is, that we of England may share and part stakes (if we will ourselues) both with the Spaniard and the Portingale, in part of America and other regions as yet vndiscovered. And surely if there were in vs that desire to aduance the honour of our Countrie which ought to bee in euery good man, wee would not all this while haue forslowne¹ the possessing of those landes whiche of equitie and right appertaine

¹ Delayed.

unto vs, as by the discourses that followe shall appeare most plainely. Yea, if wee woulde beholde with the eye of pitie howe al our Prisons are cestered and filled with able men to serue their cuntry, which for small roberies are dayly hanged in great numbers, euen twentie at a clappe out of the iayle (as was seene at the last assises at Rochester), wee woulde hasten and further euery man to his power the deducting of some Colonies of our superfluous people into those temperate and fertile partes of America, which being within sixe weekes sayling of England, are yet vnpossessed by any Christians, and seeme to offer themselues vnto vs, stretching neerer vnto her Maiestie's Dominions then to any other part of Europe.

ENGLISH AND SPANISH EXPLORERS

But besides the foresaid uncertaintie, into what dangers and difficulties they plunged themselues, I tremble to recount. For first they were to expose themselues unto the rigour of the sterne and couth Northern seas, and to make triall of the swelling waues and boistrous winds which there commonly do surge and blow; then were they to le by the ragged and perilous coast of Norway, frequent the unhaunted shoares of Finmark, to vble the dreadfull and misty North Cape, to are with Willoughbie's land, to run along within nning of the Countreys of Lapland and Corelia, d as it were to open and unlocke the seuenfold outh of Duina. Moreover, in their North-sterly Navigations, unto what drifts of snow and

mountaines of yce euen in June, July, and August, unto what hideous overfals, uncertaine currents, darke mistes and fogs, and diuers other fearefull inconueniences they were subiect and in danger of. And here by the way I cannot but highly commend the great industry and magnanimity of the Hollanders, who within these few yeeres haue discovered to 78, yea (as themselues affirme) to 81 degrees of Northerly latitude; yet with this prouiso: that our English nation led them the dance, brake the yce before them, and gaue them good leaue to light their candle at our torch. But nowe it is high time for us to weigh our ancre, to hoise up our sailes, to get cleare of these boistrous, frosty, and misty seas, and with all speede to direct our course for the milde, lightsome, temperate, and warme Atlantick Ocean, over which the Spaniards and Portugales haue made so many pleasant, prosperous, and golden voyages. And albeit I cannot deny, that both of them in their East and West Indian nauigations haue indured many tempests, dangers, and shipwracks; yet this dare I boldly affirme: first that a great number of them haue satisfied their fame-thirsty and gold-thirsty mindes with that reputation and wealth, which made all perils and misaduentures seeme tolerable unto them; and, secondly, that their first attempts (which in this comparison I doe onely stand upon) were no whit more difficult and dangerous then ours to the Northeast. For admit that the way was much longer, yet was it neuer barred with yce, mist, or darkness, but was at all seasons of the yeere open and Nauigable; yea and that for the most part with fortunate and fit gales of winde. Moreouer, they had no forren prince to intercept or molest

m, but their owne Townes, Islands, and maine
ds to succour them. And had they not con-
aall and yerely trade in some one part or other
Africa, for getting of slaues, for sugar, for
ephants' teeth, graines, siluer, gold, and other
scious wares, which serued as allurements to draw
em on by little and little, and as proppes to stay
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SIR WALTER RALEGH

(1552-1618)

RALEGH IN DISGRACE

My heart was never broken till this day, that I hear the Queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire, in so many journeys, and am now left behind her in a dark prison all alone. While she was yet nigher at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were less; but even now my heart is cast into the deep of all misery. I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph, sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometime singing like an angel, sometime playing like Orpheus, behold the sorrow of this world! once amiss I have bereaved me of all. O glory, that only shineth in misfortune, what is become of thy assurance! All wounds have scars, but that of fantasy; all affectations are relenting, but that of womankind. When shall the judge of friendship but adversity, or when shall grace be witnessed but in offences? There were no divinity but by reason of compassion; for rever-

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RALEGH TO HIS WIFE

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And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF

(Dame Quickly's Appeal)

Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book oath: deny it, if thou canst.

(Bardolph's face)

as good use of it as many a man doth of
-head or a memento mori. I never see
ut I think upon hell-fire and Dives that
purple; for there he is in his robes,
urning. If thou wert any way given to
ould swear by thy face; my oath should
his fire, that's God's angel:" but thou
her given over; and wert indeed, but for
in thy face, the son of utter darkness.
ou rankest up Gadshill in the night to
horse, if I did not think thou hadst been
fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no
in money. Oh, thou art a perpetual
n everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast
a thousand marks in links and torches,
ith thee in the night betwixt tavern and
it the sack that thou hast drunk me would
ht me lights as good cheap at the dearest
in Europe. I have maintained that
r of yours with fire any time this two
years; God reward me for it!

(Master Shallow)

re sawed into quantities, I should make
n of such bearded hermits' staves as
allow. It is a wonderful thing to see
ble coherence of his men's spirits and
by observing of him, do bear themselves
1 justices; he by conversing with them,
into a justice-like serving man; their
so married in conjunction with the
on of society, that they flock together in

consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a to Master Shallow, I would humour his men the imputation of being near their master; if to men, I would curry with Master Shallow that man could better command his servants. I am certain that either wise bearing or ignorant care is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company: I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter, wearing out of six fashions. Oh, it is much to lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow; I will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. Oh, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

(Falstaff's end)

He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide; for after I saw him full with the sheets and play with flowers and smil upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but a way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and he babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John?" quoth I: "what, man! be o' good cheer." He cried out "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts, yet he bade me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were cold as any stone.

FRANCIS BACON

(1561-1626)

OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

HEE that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the publike, have proceeded from the unmarried or childlesse men; which have sought eternity in memory, and not in posterity; and which both in affection and means have married and endowed the publike. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times; unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are that lead a single life, whose thoughts doe ende with themselves, and doe account future times importinences. Nay, there are some others that esteeme wife and children but as bills of charges. But the most ordinarie cause of a single life is liberty, specially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restriction, as they wil goe neere to thinke their girdles and garters to be bonds and shakles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; not

alwaies best subiects; for they are light to away; and almost all fugitives are of that dition. A single life is proper for Church for charity will hardly water the ground whe must first fill a poole. It is indifferent for I and Magistrates; for if they be facile and cor you shall have a servant five times worse a wife. For Souldiers, I find the Gen commonly in their hortatives put men in n of their wives and children; and I thinke despising of marriage amongst the Turkes ma the vulgar Souldier more base. Certainly wif children are a kinde of discipline of human and single men, though they may be many more charitable, because their means are less haust, yet on the other side, they are more and hard-hearted (good to make severe inquisi because their tenderness is not so often called

OF GARDENS

God *Almighty* first planted a *Garden*. indeed, it is the purest of Human pleasures is the greatest refreshment to the Spirits of without which *Buildings* and *Palaces* are but Handyworks; and a Man shall ever see when Ages grow to Civility and Elegancy, come to *Build Stately* sooner than to *Garden* F as if Gardening were the greater Perfection. hold it, in the Royal Ordering of *Gardens*, ought to be *Gardens* for all the *Months* in the in which severally things of Beauty may be in season.

And because the *Breath* of Flowers is far Sw

in the Air (where it comes and goes, like the Warbling of Musick) than in the Hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that Delight than to know what be the *Flowers* and *Plants* that do best perfume the Air. Roses, Damask and Red, are *fast* Flowers of their Smells,—so that you may walk by a whole Row of them, and find nothing of their Sweetness, yea, though it be in a Morning Dew. Bays likewise yield no Smell as they grow, Rosemary little, nor Sweet Marjoram. That which above all others yields the *Sweetest Smell* in the *Air* is the Violet; specially the White double Violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of *April* and about *Bartholomew-tide*. Next to that is the Musk Rose, then the Strawberry Leaves dying, with a most excellent Cordial Smell. Then the Flower of the Vines; it is a little Dust like the Dust of a Bent, which grows upon the Cluster in the first coming forth. Then Sweet-Briar, then Wall-Flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a Parlour or lower Chamber Window. Then Pinks and Gilly-Flowers, specially the matted Pink and Clove Gilly-Flower. Then the Flowers of the Lime-Tree. Then the Hony-Suckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of Bean Flowers I speak not, because they are Field Flowers. But those which *perfume* the Air most delightfully, not *passed* by as the rest, but being *Trodden upon* and *Crushed*, are three, that is, Burnet, Wild Time, and Water-Mints. Therefore, you are to set whole Alleys of them, to have the Pleasure when you walk or tread.

For Gardens (speaking of those which are indeed *Prince-like*, as we have done of *Buildings*),

the Contents ought not well to be under *Acres of Ground*, and to be divided into parts; a *Green* in the entrance, a *Heath* or *Field* in the going forth, and the *Main Garden* in the midst, besides *Alleys* on both Sides. The *Garden* hath two pleasures: the one, because nothing more pleasant to the Eye than green Grass finely shorn; the other, because it will give a fair *Alley* in the midst, by which you may go in upon a *Stately Hedg*, which is to enclose the *Garden*.

For the ordering of the *Ground* within the *Great Hedg*, I leave it to Variety of Design, advising, nevertheless, that whatsoever form you cast it into, first it be not too busie or full of ornaments, wherein I, for my part, do not like *Images cut* in *Juniper* or other *Garden stuff*; they be for Children.

For the *Heath*, which was the third part of our Plot, I wish it to be framed, as much as may be, to a *Natural Wildness*. *Trees* I have none in it, but some *Thickets* made of *Sweet-Briar* and *Hony-Suckle*, and some *Vine* amongst, and the *Ground* set with *Strawberries*, and *Primroses*; for these are best and prosper in the *Shade*; and these are to be set to the *heath* here and there, not in any order.

Also little *Heaps*, in the Nature of *Mole-Hills* (as are in *Wild Heaths*), to be set, some with *Thyme*, some with *Pinks*, some with *Germ* (that gives a good flower to the eye); some with *Periwinkle*, some with *Violets*, some with *Strawberries*, some with *Couslips*, some with *Daisies*, some with *Red Roses*, some with *Lilium vallium*, some with *Sweet-Williams Red*, some with *Bear's-Foot*, and the like Low Flowers, being withal *Sweet* and *Sightly*.

For the *Main Garden*, I do not deny but there should be some fair *Alleys* ranged on both sides with *Fruit-Trees*; and some pretty Tufts of Fruit-Trees and *Arbors* with *Seats*, set in some decent Order; but these to be by no means set too thick, but to leave the Main Garden so as it be not close, but the Air open and free. For as for *Shade*, I would have you rest upon the *Alleys* of the *Side-Grounds*, there to walk, if you feel disposed, in the Heat of the Year or Day; but to make account that the Main Garden is for the more temperate parts of the Year, and, in the Heat of Summer, for the Morning and the Evening or Overcast Days.

OF REVENGE

Revenge is a kind of wild Justice, which the more Man's Nature runs to, the more ought Law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the Law; but the *Revenge* of that wrong putteth the Law out of Office. Certainly in taking *Revenge* a Man is but even with his Enemy; but in passing it over he is superior; for it is a Prince's part to pardon. And *Solomon*, I am sure, saith, *it is the glory of a Man to pass by an offence*. That which is past is gone and irrecoverable, and wise Men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labour in past matters. There is no Man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake; but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, or the like. Therefore why should I be angry with a Man for loving

himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong, meerly out of ill nature, why? Yet it is but like the Thorn, or Bryar, which prick and scratch because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of *Revenge* is for those wrongs which there is no Law to remedy; but then let a man take heed that the *Revenge* be such as there is no Law to punish; else a Man's Enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take *Revenge*, are desirous the Party should know whence it cometh; this is the more generous. For the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the Party repent; but base and crafty Cowards are like the Arrow that flieth in the dark. *Cosmus* Duke of *Florence* had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting Friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. *You shall read* (saith he) *that we are commanded to forgive our Enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our Friends.* But yet the Spirit of *Job* was in a better tune; *shall we* (saith he) *take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?* And so of Friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a Man that studieth *Revenge*, keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. *Publick Revenges* are for the most part fortunate; but in private *Revenges* it is not so; nay rather, vindicative persons live the life of Witches, who as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate.

OF DEATH

Men feare death as Children feare to goe in the darke; and as that naturall feare in Children is

increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly the feare of death in contemplation of the cause of it and the issue of it is religious; but the feare of it for it selfe is weake. It is worthie the observing, that there is no passion in the minde of man so weake but it masters the feare of death; and therefore death is no such enemy, when a man hath so many followers about him that can winne the combat of him. *Revenge* triumphes over death; *Love* esteemes it not; honour aspieth to it; *Griefe* lieth to it; Feare pre-occupateth it; nay, we see, after *Otho* had slain himselfe, pitty (which is the tendrest of affections) provoked many to die. Nay, *Seneca* adds, niceness and satiety; a man would die though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over. It is as naturall to die as to bee borne, and to a little Infant, perhaps, the one is as painefull as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who for the time scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixt and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of death; but above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *nunc dimittis*; when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also: that it openeth the gate to good fame and extinguisheth envv.

JOHN DONNE

(1573-1631)

DISTRACTION IN DEVOTION

BUT when we consider with a religious seriousness the manifold weaknesses of the strongest devotion in time of Prayer, it is a sad consideration; I throw my selfe downe in my Chamber, and I call in; I invite God and his Angels thither, and when they are there, I neglect God and his Angels, for the noise of a Flie, for the ratling of a Coach, for the whining of a doore; I talke on, in the same posture of praying; Eyes lifted up; knees bowed down, as though I prayed to God; and if God or Angels should aske me, when I thought last of God in that prayer, I cannot tell. Sometime I finde that I had forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it, I cannot tell. A memory of yesterday's pleasures, a feare of tomorrow's danger, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine eare, a light in mine eye, an any thing, a nothing, a fancy, a Chimera in my braine, troubles me in my prayer.

THE BODY OF MAN

The world is a great Volume, and man the Index of that Booke; Even in the body of man, you n

the whole world ; This body is an Illustration of Nature ; God's recapitulation of all that was done before, in his *Fiat lux* and *Fiat firmamentum* ; in all the rest, said or done, in all the

Propose this body to thy consideration ; as it is the *Temple* of the

Ghost : and yet this body must wither, must languish, must perish. When I was armed and fortified this body, And I was painted and perfumed this body, And I was pampered and larded this body, As God spake to *Ezekiel* when he brought him to the *dry bones*, *Sonne of Man, doest thou thinke these can live ?* They said in their hearts to the Lord, Can these bodies die ? And they said, *Lezabel's* dust is not *Ambar*, nor *Goliath's* dust is not *Sigillata*, Medicinall ; nor does the *whore's* meat they are both, finde any rest in *Dives's* dust, then in *Lazarus's*.

EARTH THE LEVELLER

Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all one in it comes. The ashes of an Oak in the dust, are no Epitaph of that Oak, to tell us of its height or how large that was ; It tells me nothing of the flock it sheltered while it stood, nor of the hurt it felt when it fell. The dust of great men is speechlesse too, it sayes nothing, it shewes nothing : As soon the dust of a King as of a peasant thou wouldest not, as of a Prince thou couldest not look upon, will trouble thee if the winde blow it thither ; and when the winde hath blown the dust of the Church-

yard into the Church, and the man sweeps out dust of the Church into the Church-yard, and will undertake to sift those dusts again, and pronounce, This is the Patrician, this is the noble flowre, and this the yeomanly, this the Plebeian. So is the death of *Iesabel* (*Iesabel* was Queen) expressed; *They shall not say, This is Iesabel*, not only not wonder that it is, nor pity that should be, but they shall not say, they shall know, *This is Iesabel*.

DE PROFUNDIS

It is a fearefull thing, to fall into the hands of living God; but to fall out of the hands of the living God, is a horror beyond our expression, beyond imagination.

That God should let my soule fall out of his hand, into a bottomlesse pit, and roll an unremovable stone upon it, and leave it to that which finds there (and it shall finde that there, which never imagined, till it came thither), and never thinke more of that soule, never have more to do with it. That of that providence of God, that studies the life of every weed, and worme, and spider, and toad, and viper, there should never any beame flowe out upon me; that God, who looked upon me, when I was nothing, and called me when I was not, as though I had been, out of the depths of darknesse, will not look upon me now, when though a miserable and banished and a damned creature, yet I am a creature still, and contribute something to his glory even in my damnation. That that God, who h

said to my soule, *Quare morieris ?* Why wilt
? and so often sworne to my soule, *Vivit*
; As the Lord liveth I would not have
e but live, will nether let me dye, nor let
but dye an everlasting life and live an ever-
eath. That that God should frustrate all
: purposes and practises upon me, and leave
cast me away, as though I had cost him
that this God at last, should let this soule
, as a smoake, as a vapour, as a bubble, and
i this soule cannot be a smoake, a vapour,
bble, but must lie in darknesse, as long as
d of light is light it selfe and never sparke
ight reach to my soule.

ROBERT BURTON

(1576-1640)

THE DELIGHT OF THE EYE

He that should be admitted on a sudden sight of such a palace as that of Escuriall in or to that which the Moores built at Gr Fountenblewe in France, the Turke's garden his seraglio, wherein all manner of birds and are kept for pleasure, wolves, bears, lynxes, lions, elephants, etc., or upon the banks of Thracian Bosphorus; the pope's Belvedere in as pleasing as those *horti pensiles* in Babylon, or Indian King's delightful garden in Ælian; or famous gardens of the Lord Cantelow in F could not choose, though he were never apaid,¹ but be much recreated for the time many of our nobleman's gardens at home. To boat in a pleasant evening, and with musick upon the waters, which Plutarch so much appl Ælian admires, upon the river Peneus, in Thessalian fields beset with green bayes, where so sweetly sing, that passengers, enchanted were with their heavenly musick, *omnium laborum obliviscantur*, forget forthwith all labour and care and grief; or in a gundilo through the grand canal in Venice, to see those goodly palaces, must refresh and give content to a melancholy dull

¹ At ease.

SOLITUDE AND MELANCHOLY

Voluntary solitarinesse is that which is familiar with Melancholy, and gently brings on as a Siren, a shooing horne, or some Sphinx, to this irrevocable gulfe; most pleasant it is at first to such as are Melancholy giuen, to walke alone in some solitary groue, betwixt wood and water, by some brooke side, to meditate vpon some delightsome and pleasant subiect, which shall affect him most. A most incomparable delight to build castels in the aire, to goe smiling to themselues, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose and strongly imagine they act, or that they see done. So delightsome these toyes are at first, they could spend whole dayes and nights without sleep, euen whole yeares in such contemplations, and phantastickall meditations, which are like so many dreames and will hardly be drawne from them, winding and vnwinding themselves, as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humors, vntill at the last the Sceane turnes vpon a sudden, and they being now habitated to such meditations and solitary places can indure no company, can thinke of nothing but harsh and distastefull subiects. Feare, sorow, suspition, discontent, cares, and wearinesse of life, surprise them on a sudden, and they can thinke of nothing els, continually suspecting; no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernall plague of melancholy seaseth on them, and terrifies their soules, representing some dimmall object to their mindes which now, by no meanes, no labour, no perswasions, they can auoide; they may not be rid of it; they cannot resist.

JOHN SELDEN

(1584-1654)

OPINION

OPINION and Affection extremely differ: I affect a Woman best, but it does not follow I think her the handsomest Woman in the World. I love Apples best of any Fruit, but it does not follow I must think Apples to be the best Fruit. Opinion

is something wherein I go about to give reason, that all the World should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of myself.

'Twas a good Fancy of an old Platonick: The Gods which are above Men, had something whereof Man did partake, [an Intellect Knowledge] and the Gods kept on their course quietly. The Beasts which are below Man, had something whereof Man did partake, [Sense and growth] and the Beasts lived quietly in their way. But Man had something in him, whereof neither Gods nor Beasts did partake, which gave him all the Trouble, made all the Confusion in the World; and that is Opinion.

PLEASURE

Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of Pain, the enjoying of something I am in trouble for till I have it.

'Tis a wrong way to proportion other Men's Pleasures to ourselves; 'tis like a Child's using a little Bird [O poor Bird, thou shalt sleep with me] so lays it in his Bosom, and stifles it with his hot Breath; the Bird had rather be in the cold Air: And yet too, 'tis the most pleasing Flattery, to like what other men like.

'Tis most undoubtedly true, that all Men are equally given to their pleasure, only thus, one man's pleasure lies one way, and another's another: Pleasures are all alike simply considered in themselves; he that hunts, or he that governs the Commonwealth, they both please themselves alike, only we commend that whereby we ourselves receive some benefit, as if a man place his delight in things that tend to the common good. He that takes pleasure to hear Sermons, enjoys himself as much as he that hears Plays; and could he that loves Plays endeavour to hear Sermons, possibly he might bring himself to it as well as to any other Pleasure. At first it may seem harsh and tedious, but afterwards 'twould be pleasing and delightful. So it falls out in that which is the great Pleasure of some Men, Tobacco, that they could not abide it, and now they cannot without it.

Whilst you are upon Earth, enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given) and be not melancholy, and wish yourself in Heaven. If a King should give you the Keeping of a Castle, with all things belonging to it, Orchards, Gardens, etc., and bid you use them; withal promise after twenty years to remove you to the Court, to make you a Privy Councillor. If you should neglect your Castle, and refuse to eat of the fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish

you were a Privy Councillor, do you think the King would be pleased with you?

Pleasures of Meat, Drink, Clothes, etc., are forbidden those that know not how to use them; just as Nurses cry "pah," when they see a Knife in a Child's Hand, they will never say any thing to a Man.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
OF HAWTHORNDEN
(1585-1649)

DEATH A PROPERTY OF LIFE

so universal a Calamity (if Death be one) that Complaints cannot be heard: With so many royal Palaces, it is no loss to see thy poor Cabin. Shall the heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels (for what is the Motion of them but the rotation of a swift and ever-whirling Wheel, which rolleth forth, and again uprolleth our Life), and still Time to prolong thy miserable Days, as the highest of their Working were to do Homage to thee? Thy Death is a Pace of the Order of All, a Part of the Life of this World; for the World is the World, some Creatures take Death, and others take Life. Eternal Things are raised far above this Sphere of Generation and Corruption, where the first Matter, like an ever flowing and ebbing Sea, with divers Waves, but the same Water, keepeth a restless and never tiring current; what is below in the Universality of the World, not in itself doth abide: *Man* a long Line of Years hath continued, *This man* every Hundred

is swept away. This Globe environed with Air is the sole Region of Death, the Grave where everything that taketh Life must rot, the Stage of Fortune and Change, only Glorious in the Inconstancy and varying Alterations of it, which though many, seem yet to abide one, and being a certain entire one are ever many. The never agreeing Bodies of the Elemental Brethren turn one into another; the Earth changeth her Countenance with the Seasons, sometimes looking cold and naked, other times hot and flowry: Nay, I cannot tell how, but even the lowest of those Celestial Bodies, that Mother of Months, and Empress of Seas and Moisture, as if she were a Mirrour of our constant Mutability, appeareth (by her too great Nearness unto us) to participate of our Changes, never seeing us twice with that same Face; now looking black, then pale and wan, sometimes again in the Perfection and Fulness of her Beauty shining over us. Death no less than Life doth here act a Part, the taking away of what is old being the making Way for what is young. This earth is as a Table-book, and Men are the Notes; the first are washen out, that New may be written in. They who forewent us did leave a Room for us, and should we grieve to do the same to those which should come after us? Who, being suffered to see the exquisite Rarities of an antiquarys Cabinet, is grieved that the Curtain be drawn, and to give Place to new Pilgrims?

If thou dost complain that there shall be a Time in which thou shalt not be, why dost thou not also grieve that there was a Time in which thou was not; and so that thou art not as old as that enlivening Planet of Time? For not to have been

a Thousand Years before this Moment, is as much to be deplored as not to live a Thousand after it, the Effect of them both being one: That will be after us, which, long long before we were, was. Our Children's Children have that same Reason to murmur, that they were not young Men in our Days, which we have to complain that we shall not be old in theirs. The Violets have their Time, though they impurple not the Winter, and the Roses keep their Season, though they disclose not their Beauty in the Spring.

DEATH IN YOUTH

But that, perhaps, which anguisheth thee most, is to have this glorious Pageant of the World removed from thee in the Spring and most delicious Season of thy Life; for though to die be usual, to die young may appear extraordinary. If God had made Life happier, he had also made it longer. Stranger and new Halcyon, why would thou longer nestle amidst these unconstant and stormy Waves? Hast thou not already suffered enough of this World, but thou must yet endure more? To live long, is it not to be long troubled? But number thy Years, and thou shalt find that whereas Ten have outlived thee, Thousands have not attained this Age. One Year is sufficient to behold all the Magnificence of Nature, nay, even One Day and Night; for more is but the same wrought again. This Sun, that Moon, these Stars, the varying Dance of the Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, is that very same which the Golden Age did see. To die young is to do that soon, and in

some fewer Days, which once thou must do; it is but the giving over of a Game, that after never so many Hazards must be lost. When thou hast lived to that Age thou desirest, or one of *Plato's* Years, so soon as the last of thy Days riseth above thy Horizon, thou wilt then, as now, demand longer Respite, and expect more to come. The oldest are most unwilling to die. It is Hope of long Life that maketh Life seem short. Heaven foreknowing imminent Harms, taketh those which it loves to itself before they fall forth. Death in Youth is like the leaving a superfluous Feast before the drunken Cups be presented. Life is a Journey in a dusty Way, the furthest Rest is Death, in this some go more heavily burdened than others: Swift and active Pilgrims come to the End of it in the Morning or at Noon, which Tortoise-paced Wretches, clogged with the fragmentary Rubbish of this World, scarce with great Travel crawl unto at Midnight. Days are not to be esteemed after the Number of them, but after the Goodness. More Compass maketh not a Sphere more compleat, but as round is a little as a large Ring; nor is that Musician most praiseworthy who hath longest played, but he in measured Accents who hath made sweetest Melody.

R THOMAS BROWNE

(1605-1682)

EATH THE LIBERATOR

ave act of valour to contemne death ; but
 is more terrible than death, it is then the
 our to dare to live ; and herein Religion
 ht us a noble example ; for all the valiant
virtius, Scaevola, or Codrus, doe not parallel
 that one of *Job* ; and sure there is no
 the racke of a disease, nor any Poynyards
 selfe, like those in the way or prologue to
ri nolo, sed me esse mortuum nihil curo ; I
 : dye, but care not to be dead. Were I
 : Religion, I should be of his desires, and
 er to goe off at one blow, then to be sawed
 by the grating torture of a disease. Men
 e no further than their outsides, thinke
 appertinance unto life, and quarrell with
 titutions for being sick ; but I, that have
 the parts of man, and know upon what
 aments that Fabrick hangs, doe wonder
 are not alwaies so ; and, considering the
 doores that lead to death, doe thank my
 wee can die but once. 'Tis not onely
 ief of diseases and the villany of poysons

that make an end of us; we vainly accuse the
of Gunnes, and the new inventions of death :-
is in the power of every hand to destroy us, and
are beholding unto every one wee meet, hee d
not kill us. There is therefore but one com
left, that though it be in the power of the weal
arme to take away life, it is not in the stronges
deprive us of death. God would not exempt h
selfe from that; the misery of immortality in
flesh he undertook not, that was in it, immort
Certainly there is no happinesse within this circle
flesh; nor is it in the opticks of these eyes
behold felicity. The first day of our Jubilee
death; the Devill hath therefore failed of
desires; wee are happier with death than we sho
have been without it: there is no misery but in hi
selfe where there is no end of misery; and
indeed, in his own sense the Stoick is in the rig
He forgets that he can die, who complaines
misery: we are in the power of no calamity w
death is in our owne.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYR

Were the happinesse of the next world as c
apprehended as the felicities of this, it w
martyrdome to live; and unto such as co
none hereafter, it must be more that death t
which makes us amazed at those audacitie
durst be nothing and return into their *Chaos*
Certainly such spirits as could contemn death
they expected no better being after, wou
scorned to live, had they known any. And
fore we applaud not the judgment of *M*

That Christianity makes men cowards, or that with the confidence of but half-dying, the despised virtues of patience and humility have abased the spirits of men, which Pagan principles exalted; but rather regulated the wildnesse of audacities, in the attempts, grounds, and eternall sequels of death; wherein men of the boldest spirits are often prodigiously temerarious. Nor can we extenuate¹ the valour of ancient Martyrs, who contemned death in the uncomfortable scene of their lives, and in their decrepit Martyrdomes did probably lose not many moneths of their dayes, or parted with life when it was scarce worth the living. For (beside that long time past holds no consideration unto a slender time to come) they had no small disadvantage from the constitution of old age, which naturally makes men fearfull, and complexionally superannuated from the bold and couragious thoughts of youth and fervent years. But the contempt of death from corporall animosity² promoteth not our felicity. They may sit in the *Orchestra* and noblest Seats of Heaven, who have held up shaking hands in the fire, and humanely contended for glory.

THE POPPY OF OBLIVION

But the iniquity³ of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? *Herodotus* lives that burnt the temple of *Diana*; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the Epitaph of *Adrian's* horse, confounded that of

¹ Depreciate.

² Vigour.

³ Unfairness.

himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equall durations, and *Thersites* is like to live as long as *Agamemnon*. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, then any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting Register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and *Methusalab's* long life had been his only Chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired.¹ The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the Register of God, not in the record of man.

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME

But the Quincunx² of Heaven runs low, and 'tis time to close the five ports of knowledge.

We are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasmes of sleep, which often continueth precognitions, making Cables of Cobwebs, and Wildernesses of handsome groves. Beside, *Hippocrates*³ hath spoke so little, and the oneirocritical⁴ Masters have left such frigid Interpretations from plants, that there is little encouragement to dream of Paradise itself. Nor will the sweetest delight of Gardens afford much comfort in sleep; wherein the dulnesse of that sense shakes hands with delectable odours; and though in the

¹ Bribe.

² The Hyades.

³ De Insomniis.

⁴ Dream-interpreting.

Bed of Cleopatra can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a Rose.

Night, which Pagan theology could make the laughter of *Chaos*, affords no advantage to the description of Order; although no lower than that ~~mass~~ can we derive its Genealogy. All things began in order; so shall they end, and so shall they begin again; according to the ordainer of order and mystical Mathematicks of the City of Heaven.

Though *Somnus* in *Homer* be sent to rouse up *Agamemnon*, I find no such effects in these drowsy approaches of sleep. To keep our eyes open longer, were but to act our *Antipodes*. The Huntsmen are up in *America*, and they are already past their first sleep in *Persia*. But who can be drowsie at that howr which freed us from everlasting sleep? or have slumbring thoughts at that time, when sleep itself must end, and as some conjecture, all shall awake again?

SELF-CONVERSATION

Looke not for roses in Attalus his garden, or wholesom flowers in a venomous plantation. And since there is scarce any one bad but some others are the worse for him, tempt not contagion by proximity, and hazard not thyselfe in the shadow of corruption. He who hath not early suffered this shipwrack and in his younger dayes escaped this Charybdis, may make a happy voyage, and not come in with black sails into the port. Self-conversation, or to be alone, is better than such consortion. Some schoolmen tell us that he is

properly alone with whom in the same place there is no other of the same species. Nabuchodonozor was alone though among the beasts of the field, and a wise man may be tolerably said to be alone though with a rabble of people little better than beasts about him. Unthinking heads who have not learned to be alone, are in a prison to themselves if they be not also with others; whereas, on the contrary, they whose thoughts are in a fair and hurry within are sometimes fain to retire into company to be out of the crowd of themselves. He who must needs have company, must needs have sometimes bad company. Be able to be alone.

IZAACK WALTON

(1593-1683)

THE MILKMAID'S SONG

But turn out of the way a little, 'good Scholer, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedg. We'l sit whilst this showr falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives a sweeter smel to the lovely flowers that adorn the verdant meadows.

Look, under that broad *Beech-tree* I sate down when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining Grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an Echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow cave, near to the brow of that Primrose hil; there I sate viewing the Silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous Sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pibble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into fome: and sometimes viewing the harmless Lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselvs in the cheerful sun. As I thus sate, these and other sights had so fully possest my soul that I thought, the Poet has happily exprest it,

"I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possest joyes not proms'd in my birth."

As I left this place, and entered into the next field,

a second pleasure entertained me ; 'twas a handsome Milkmaid that had cast away all care and sung like a Nightingale. Her voice was good, and the Ditty fitted for it, 'twas that smooth Song, which was made by *Kit Marlowe*, now at least fifty years ago ; and the Milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir *Walter Raleigh* in his yonger dayes.

SWEET CONTENT

First let me tell you that, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sate down under a Willow-tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant Meadow in which you then left me ; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so ; that he had at this time many Law-Suites depending, and that they both damp'd his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himselfe had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields ; for I could there sit quietly, and, looking on the water, see fishes leaping at Flies of several shapes and colours ; looking on the Hills I could behold them spotted with Woods and Groves ; looking down the Meadows, could see here a Boy gathering *Lillies* and *Lady-smocks* and there a Girl cropping *Culverkeyes*¹ and *Cowslips*, all to make Garlands sutable to this present Month of *May*. These and many other Field-flowers, so perfum'd the air, that I thought this Meadow like the field in *Sicily*, of which *Diodorus* speaks, where the perfumes

¹ Columbines.

ing from the place make all dogs that hunt in it
ll off, and to lose their hottest scent. I say,
thus sate, joying in mine own happy condition,
pitting that rich man that owned this and
y other pleasant Groves and Meadows about
I did thankfully remember what my Saviour
that *the meek possess the earth*—or rather they
y what the others possess and enjoy not; for
ers, and meek quiet-spirited men, are free from
e high, those restless thoughts and contentions
h corrode the sweets of life.

THOMAS FULLER

(1608-1661)

THE SPANISH ARMADA

Now began that *fatall year* generally foretold that it would be *wonderfull*, as it proved no less. Whence the *Astrologers* fetcht their *intelligence* hereof,—whether from *Heaven* or *Hell*, from other *Stars* or from *Lucifer* alone,—is uncertain. This is most sure that this *prediction*, though hitting the *mark*, yet missed their *meaning* who first reported and most believed it. Out comes their invincible *Navie* and *Army*, perfectly appointed for both *Elements*, *Water* and *Land*, to *Sail* and *March* compleat in all *warlike Equipage*: so that formerly, with far less *provision*, they had conquered another *new world*. Mighty was the bulk of their *ships*, the sea seeming to *groan* under them (being a burden to it as they went, and to themselves before they returned,) with all manner of artillery, prodigious in number and greatness; so that the report of their guns do stil and ought ever to sound in the ears of the English, not to fright them with any terror, but to fill them with deserved thankfulness.

It is said of Senacherib, coming against *Hierusalem* with his numerous army, "*By the way*

*came shall he return, and shall not come into
 , saith the Lord."* As the later part of
 eatning was verified here, no *Spaniard*
 foot on *English* ground under other notion
 prisoner; so God did not them the
 to return the same way, who coming by
 East, a way they knew, went back by South-
 a way they sought, chased by our ships past
 y-seventh Degree of Northern Latitude, then
 re left to be pursued after by hunger and
 Thus having tasted the *English valour* in
 ring them, the *Scotch constancy* in not
 g them, the *Irish cruelty* in barbarously
 ing them, the small reversion of this great
 which came home might be looked upon by
 is eyes, as *reliques* not for the adoration
 truction of their nation hereafter, not to
 t any thing *invincible* which is less than *infinite*.

I ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK

the 9th of January following, Drake's ship
 a large wind and a smooth sea, ran aground on
 ous shoale, and struck twice on it, knocking
 t the door of death, which no doubt had
 the *third* time. Here they stuck from
 'clock at night till four the next afternoon,
 Ground too much, and yet too little to land
 l Water too much, and yet too little to sail
 id God, who, as the wise man saith, *holdeth the*
in his fist, but opened his little finger, and
 the smallest blast, they had undoubtedly been
 ay, but there blew not any wind all the while.
 they conceiving aright that the best way to

lighten the ship was first to ease it of the burthen of their *sins* by true Repentance, humbled themselves by fasting under the hand of God. Then they cast out of their ship six great pieces of ordnance, threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of a miser to think on it, with much sugar, and packs of spices, making a caudle of the sea round about. Then they betook themselves to their prayers, the best lever at such a dead lift indeed, and it pleased God that the wind, formerly their mortall *enemy*, became their *friend*, which, changing from the starboard to the larboard of the ship, and rising by degrees, cleared them off to the sea again, for which they returned unfeigned thanks to Almighty God.

OF FANCY

Phancie is free from all engagements. It digs without spade, sails without ship, flies without wings, builds without charges, fights without bloudshed, in a moment striding from the centre to the circumference of the world, by a kind of omnipotencie creating and annihilating things in an instant; and things divorced in Nature are married in Phancie, as in a lawlesse place. It is also most restlesse, whilst the Senses are bound, and Reason in a manner asleep, Phancie, like a sentinell, walks the round, ever working never wearied.

If thy Phancie be but a little too rank, age itself will correct it. To lift too high is no fault in a young horse, because with travelling he will mend it for his own ease. Thus lofty Phancies in young men will come down of themselves, and in

se of time the overplus will shrink to be but measure.

thy fancy be too low and humble, *Let thy ent be king but not tyrant, over it, to condemne thee, yea commendable conceits.* Some, for fear rations should giggle, will not let them smile. it also liberty to rove, for it will not be agant. There is no danger that weak folke if walk abroad will straggle farre, as wanting h.

maint thyself with reading Poets, for there ie is on her throne.—And in time the sparks Authour's wit will catch hold on the Reader flame him with love, liking, and desire of on. I confesse, there is more required to one to write than to see a copy. However is a secret force of fascination in reading to raise and provoke phancie.

thy phancie be over-voluble then—*whip this it home to the first object whereon it should be*

Indeed, nimblenesse is the perfection of this ; but levity the bane of it. Great is the nce betwixt a swift horse, and a skittish that tand on no ground. Such is the ubiquitary ie, which will keep long residence on no one t, but is so courteous to strangers, that it ever nes that conceit most which comes last ; and xecies supplant the old ones, before seriously ered. If this be the fault of thy Phancie, whip it home to the first object whereon it be settled. This do as often as occasion es, and by degrees the fugitive servant will o abide by his work without running away.

OF EXTREMES

It happeneth in all heights and heats of oppositions, as in Horse-Races ; wherein the rider, if he doth not go beyond the poste, cannot come to the poste so as to win the Prize : for being upon the speed, he must go *beyond* it that he come to it, though afterwards he may rein and turn his horse back again to the very place of the mark. Thus men being in the very heat of Contest, upon the very career of their souls, because of their passions, cannot stop short at the very Mark they aim at, but some extravagancies must be indulged to human infirmity, which in their reduced thoughts they will correct and amend ; as some Protestants, no doubt, now lashing out so far in their language, retrenched them afterwards to a just proportion of truth.

CROSSING THE RIVER

After this, it was noised about that Mr. *Valiant-for-truth* was taken with a Summons by the same *Post* as the other, and had this for a Token that the Summons was true, *That his pitcher was broken at the fountain.* When he understood it, he called for his Friends, and told them of it. Then said he, I am going to my Father's; and tho' with great Difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the Trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. *My Sword* I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my *Courage and Skill* to him that can get it. My *Marks and Arrows* I carry with me, to be a Witness for me that I have fought his Battels who now will be my Rewarder.

When the Day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the River side, into which as he went, he said, *Death, where is thy sting?* And as he went down deeper, he said, *Grave, where is thy victory?* So he passed over, and all the Trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

(Died 1699)

POETRY AND MUSIC

WHETHER it be that the fierceness of the *Gothick* Humors, or Noise of their perpetual Wars, frightened it away, or that the unequal mixture of the Modern Languages would not bear it; certain it is, that the great Heights and Excellency both of Poetry and Musick fell with the *Roman* Learning and Empire, and have never since recovered the Admiration and Applauses that before attended them. Yet, such as they are amongst us, they must be confest to be the Softest and Sweetest, the most General and most Innocent Amusements of common Time and Life. They still find Room in the Courts of Princes, and the Cottages of Shepherds. They serve to Revive and Animate the dead Calm of poor or idle Lives, and to Allay or Divert the violent Passions and Perturbations of the greatest and the busiest Men. And both these Effects are of equal use to Humane Life; for the Mind of Man is like the Sea, which is neither agreeable to the Beholder nor the Voyager in a Calm or in a Storm, but is so to both when a little Agitated by gentle Gales; and so the Mind, when

JOHN MILTON

(1608-1674)

POETRY AND LIFE

NOR blame it, readers, in those years to propose to themselves such a reward, as the noblest dispositions above other things in this life have sometimes preferred; whereof not to be sensible when good and fair in one person meet, argues both a gross and shallow judgment, and withal an ungentle and swinish¹ breast. For by the firm settling of these persuasions, I became, to my best memory, so much a proficient, that if I found those authors anywhere speaking unworthy things of themselves or of those names which before they had extolled, this effect it wrought with me: from that time forward their art I still applauded, but the men I deplored; and above them all preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write but honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts, without transgression. And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or

¹ Boorish.

famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy.

MUSIC AND MORALS

If we think to regulat Printing thereby to rectifie manners, we must regulat all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No musick must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and *Dorick*. There must be licensing danciers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such *Plato* was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the ghittars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they doe, but must be licenc'd what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigalls that whisper softnes in chambers? The Windows also, and the *balcone's* must be thought on; there are shrewd books, with dangerous Frontispices, set to sale: who shall prohibit them, shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to enquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebbeck reads, ev'n to the ballatry and the gammuth of every *municipal* fidler; for these are the Countryman's *Arcadias*¹ and his *Monte Mayors*.²

OCCASIONAL RELIGION

Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetuall

¹ See page 31.

² Montemayor was the author of an "Arcadian romance called 'Diana.'"

progression, they sick'n into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition. A man may be a heretick in the truth; and if he beleeveth things only because his Pastor sayes so, or the Assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresie. There is not any burden that some would gladlier post off to another, then the charge and care of their Religion. There be (who know not that there be?) of Protestants and professors who live and dye in as arrant an implicit faith, as any lay Papist of Loretto. A wealthy man addicted to his pleasure and to his profits, finds Religion to be a traffick so entangl'd, and of so many peddling accounts, that of all mysteries he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. What should he doe? faine he would have the name to be religious, faine he would bear up with his neighbours in that. What does he therefore, but resolves to give over toying, and to find himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs; some Divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole ware-house of his religion, with all the locks and keyes, into his custody; and indeed makes the very person of that man his religion; esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a dividuall movable, and goes and comes neer him, according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him; his religion comes home at night, praises, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep, rises, is saluted, and after

the malmsey, or some well spic't bruage, and better breakfasted then he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Ierusalem, his Religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all day without his religion.

CONSCIENCE AND TOLERANCE

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

And though all the windes of doctrin were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licencing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falshood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the wors, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, no stratagems, no licencings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab, untill she be adured into her own likeness. Yet is it not impossible that she may have more shapes then one.

How many things might be tolerated in peace and left to conscience, had we but charity, and

it not the chief strong hold of our hypocrisie ever judging one another. I fear yet this yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish upon our necks ; the ghost of a linnen decency haunts us. We stumble and are impatient at east dividing of one visible congregation from another, though it be not in fundamentalls ; and though our forwardnes to suppress, and our backwardnes to recover any enthrall'd peece of truth of the gripe of custom, we care not to keep separated from truth, which is the fiercest rent division of all. We doe not see that while we will affect by all means a rigid externall forme we may as soon fall again into a grosse rming stupidity; a stark and dead congealment *rod and bay and stubble* forc't and frozen together, which is more to the sudden degenerating Church then many petty schisms. Not that I think well of every light separation, or that all Church is to be expected *gold and silver and us stones* ; it is not possible for man to sever wheat from the tares, the good fish from the frie ; that must be the Angels' Ministry attended of mortall things. Yet if all cannot be of kind, (as who looks they should be?) this les is more wholesome, more prudent, and Christian : that many be tolerated, rather all compell'd.

CONTROVERSY AND GROWTH

or as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the pure and vigorous, not only to vital but to all faculties, and those in the acutest and the

ROBERT SOUTH

(1673-1701)

AGAINST SIMILITUDES¹

FOR there is a certain majesty in plainness; as the proclamation of a prince never frisks it in tropes or fine conceits, in numerous and well turned periods, but commands in sober natural expressions. A substantial beauty, as it comes out of the hands of nature, needs neither paint nor patch; things never made to adorn, but to cover something that would be hid. It is with expression and the clothing of a man's conceptions as with the clothing of a man's body. All dress and ornament supposes imperfection, as designed only to supply the body with something from without, which it wanted, but had not of its own. Gaudery is a pitiful and mean thing, not extending farther than the surface of the body; nor is the highest gallantry considerable to any but to those who would hardly be considered without it; for in that case indeed there may be great need of an outside, when there is little or nothing within.

And thus also it is with the most necessary and important truths; to adorn and clothe them is to

¹ See page 96.

of *Moses*, when he was forced to wear a veil because himself had seen the face of God ; and still, while a man tells the story, the Sun gets up higher, till he shews a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, sometimes weeping great and little showres, and sets quickly ; so is a man's reason and his life.

For so have I known the boisterous North wind pass through the yielding air which open'd its bosom, and appeased its violence, by entertaining it with easie compliance in all the regions of its reception. But when the same breath of Heaven hath been check'd with the stiffness of a Tower or the united strength of a Wood, it grew mighty, and dwelt there, and made the highest branches stoop and make a smooth path for it on the top of all its glories : so is Sickness, and so is the Grace of God.

So we sometimes espy a bright cloud formed into an irregular figure ; when it is observed by unskilful and fantastic travellers, it looks like a centaur to some and as a castle to others ; some tell that they saw an army with banners, and it signifies war ; but another, wiser than this fellow, says it looks for all the world like a flock of sheep, and foretells plenty ; and all the while it is nothing but a shining cloud, by its own mobility and the activity of a wind cast into a contingent and artificial shape : so it is in this great mystery of our religion, in which some espy strange things which God intended not, and others see not what God hath plainly told.

So have I seen a Rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morn-

ing, and full with the dew of Heaven as a Lamb's-fleece ; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age ; it bowed the head and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces.

TWO WAYS OF LOVE

But otherwise do Fathers, and otherwise do Mothers handle their Children.

These soften them with kisses and imperfect noises, with the pap and breast-milk of soft endearments ; they rescue them from Tutors, and snatch them from discipline ; they desire to keep them fat and warm and their feet dry, and their bellies full ; and then the Children govern and cry, and prove fools and troublesome, so long as the feminine Republick doth endure. But Fathers, because they design to have their Children wise and valiant, apt for Counsel or for Arms, send them to severe Governments and tie them to study, to hard labour, and afflictive contingencies. They rejoice when the bold Boy strikes a Lion with his Hunting-spear and shrinks not when the Beast comes to affright his early courage.

NATURA PARENDO VINCITUR

For as it is in plants which nature voluntarily thrusts forth, she makes regular provisions, and

The soul is placed in the body like a rough diamond; and must be polished, or the lustre of it will never appear. And 'tis manifest, that as the rational soul distinguishes us from brutes, so education carries on the distinction, and makes some less brutish than others. This is too evident to need any demonstration. But why then should women be denied the benefit of instruction? If knowledge and understanding had been useless additions to the sex, God Almighty would never have given them capacities; for he made nothing needless. Besides, I would ask such, what they can see in ignorance, that they should think it a necessary ornament to a woman? or how much worse is a wise woman than a fool?¹ or what has the woman done to forfeit the privilege of being taught? Does she plague us with her pride and impertinence? Why did we not let her learn, that she might have had more wit? Shall we upbraid women with folly, when 'tis only the error of this inhuman custom that hindered them from being made wiser?

The capacities of women are supposed to be greater and their senses quicker than those of the men; and what they might be capable of being bred to, is plain from some instances of female wit, which this age is not without. Which upbraids us with Injustice, and looks as if we denied women the advantages of education, for fear they should *vie* with the men in their improvements.

The great distinguishing difference which is seen in the world between men and women, is in their education; and this is manifested by comparing it

¹ Cf. Jane Austen, p. 224.

ing, and full with the dew of Heaven as a Lamb's-fleece ; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age ; it bowed the head and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces.

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For as it is in plants which nature voluntarily thrusts forth, she makes regular provisions, and

dresses them with strength and ornament, with easiness and full stature; but if you thrust a jessamine there where she would have had a daisy grow, or bring the tall fir from dwelling in his own country, and transport the orange or the almond-tree near the fringes of the north star, nature is displeased, and becomes unnatural, and starves her sucklings, and renders you a return less than your charge and expectation; so it is in all our appetites; when they are natural and proper, nature feeds them and makes them healthful and lusty as the coarse issue of the Scythian clown; she feeds them and makes them easy without cares and costly passion; but if you thrust an appetite into her which she intended not, she gives you sickly and uneasy banquets; you must struggle with her for every drop of milk she gives beyond her own needs; you may get gold from her entrails, and at a great price provide ornaments for your queens and princely women; but our lives are spent in the purchase; and when you have got them, you must have more, for these cannot content you, nor nourish the spirit.

GOD'S PATIENCE

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age; he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down, but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his

JONATHAN SWIFT

(1667-1745)

GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT

OVER against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told; for I could not see them. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed.

The emperor descended from the tower, and advanced on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder-feet; but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration; but kept without the length of

and make it so familiar, and think the cure so impossible, shall quickly be of another mind, and reckon these accidents amongst things eligible. But he that suffers a transporting passion concerning things within the power of others, is free from sorrow and amazement no longer than his enemy shall give him leave ; and it is ten to one but he shall be smitten then and there where it shall most trouble him ; for so the Adder teaches us where to strike, by her curious and fearful defending of her head.

We are in the world like men playing at Tables ; the chance is not in our power, but to play it is ; and when it is fallen, we must manage it as we can ; and let nothing trouble us, but when we do a base action, or speak like a fool, or think wickedly. These things God hath put in our powers ; but concerning those things which are wholly in the choice of another, they cannot fall under our deliberation, and therefore neither are they fit for our passions. My fear may make me miserable, but it cannot prevent what another hath in his power and purpose ; and prosperities can only be enjoyed by them who fear not at all to lose them ; since the amazement and passion concerning the future takes off all the pleasure of the present possession. Therefore if thou hast lost thy land, do not also lose thy constancy ; and if thou must die a little sooner, yet do not die impatiently. For no chance is evil to him that is content, and *to a man nothing miserable unless it be unreasonable*. No man can make another man to be his slave, unless he hath first enslaved himself to life and death, to pleasure or pain, to hope or fear ; command these passions, and you are freer than the Parthian Kings.

the malmsey, or some well spic't bruage, and beakfasted then he whose morning appetite we have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany Ierusalem, his Religion walks abroad at eight, leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading day without his religion.

CONSCIENCE AND TOLERANCE

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and argue freely according to conscience, above liberties.

And though all the windes of doctrin were loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in field, we do injuriously by licencing and prohibi to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falshe grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the w in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is best and surest suppressing. For who knows that Truth is strong next to the Almighty? needs no policies, no stratagems, no licencings make her victorious; those are the shifts and defences that error uses against her power; give but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus who spake oracles only when he was caught bound, but then rather she turns herself into shapes except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before A untill she be adjured into her own likeness. Yet it not impossible that she may have more strength then one.

How many things might be tolerated in peace and left to conscience, had we but charity,

improved, and perhaps insensibly led to imitate that author's perfections, although in a little time he should not remember one word in the book, nor even the subject it handled: for books give the same turn to our thoughts and way of reasoning, that good and ill company do to our behaviour and conversation; without either loading our memories, or making us even sensible of the change. And particularly I have observed in preaching that no men succeed better, than those who trust entirely to the stock or fund of their own reason, advanced indeed, but not overlaid, by commerce with books. Whoever only reads in order to transcribe wise and shining remarks, without entering into the genius and spirit of the author, as it is probable he will make no very judicious extract, so he will be apt to trust to that collection in all his compositions, and be misled out of the regular way of thinking, in order to introduce those materials, which he has been at the pains to gather; and the product of all this will be found a manifest incoherent piece of patchwork.

RAILLERY

Raillery is the finest part of conversation; but as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart; just as when an expensive fashion comes up, those who are not able to reach it, content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passes for raillery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance, and make

him ridiculous ; sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding ; on all which occasions, he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, from whence we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Raillery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach of reflection, but, by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid ; nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some people, by practising among their intimates, have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humour ; which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where all the little decorum and politeness we have are purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into barbarity.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY

(1672-1732)

LETTER TO AN INVALID
DAUGHTER

MY DEAR HEART,—I have so much to say to you, that I can hardly say anything to you till I see you. My heart is full ; but it is in vain to begin upon paper what I can never end. I have a thousand desires to see you, which are checked by a thousand fears lest any ill accident should happen to you in the journey. God preserve you in every step of it, and send you safe hither ! And I will endeavour, by his blessing and assistance, to send you well back again, and to accompany you in the journey, as far as the law of England will suffer me.¹ I stay here only to receive and take care of you (for no other view should have hindered my coming into the North of France this autumn) ; and I live only to help towards lengthening your life, and rendering it, if I can, more agreeable unto you : for I see not of what use I am, or can be, in other respects. I shall be impatient till I hear you are safely landed, and as impatient after that till

¹ Bishop Atterbury was banished as a Jacobite conspirator in 1723.

you are safely arrived in your winter quarters. God, I hope, will favour you with good weather, and all manner of good accidents on the way; and I will take care, my dear love, to make you as easy and happy as I can at the end of your journey.

I have written to Mr. Morice about everything I can think of relating to your accommodation on the road, and shall not therefore repeat any part of it in this letter, which is intended only to acknowledge a mistake under which I find myself. I thought I loved you before as much as I could possibly. But I feel such new degrees of tenderness arising in me upon this terrible long journey, as I was never before acquainted with.

God will reward you, I hope, for your piety to me, which had, I doubt not, its share in producing this resolution, and will in rewarding you, reward me also; that being the chief thing I have to beg of Him.

Adieu, my dear heart, till I see you! and till then satisfy yourself that, whatever uneasiness your journey may give you, my expectation of you, and concern for you, will give me more. I am got to another page, and must do violence to myself to stop here— But I will—and abruptly bid you, my dear heart, adieu, till I bid you welcome to Montpelier.

RICHARD STEELE

(1671-1729)

AN EARLY GRIEF

THE first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not more than five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant than possessed with real understanding why nobody was willing to part with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling "Papa"; for, I knew not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond the patience of the silent grief she was before in, almost smothered me in her embraces; and drenched me in a flood of tears, Papa could not hear me; and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he would never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with the instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible

ing, and full with the dew of Heaven as a Lark
fleece ; but when a ruder breath had forced
its virgin modesty and dismantled its too
ful and unripe retirements, it began to p
darkness, and decline to softness and the sym
of a sickly age ; it bowed the head and br
stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leav
all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weed
outworn faces.

TWO WAYS OF LOVE

But otherwise do Fathers, and otherwi
Mothers handle their Children.

These soften them with kisses and imp
noises, with the pap and breast-milk of soft e
ments ; they rescue them from Tutors, and
them from discipline ; they desire to keep th
and warm and their feet dry, and their bellie
and then the Children govern and cry, and
fools and troublesome, so long as the fe
Republick doth endure. But Fathers, becaus
design to have their Children wise and valia
for Counsel or for Arms, send them to
Governments and tie them to study, to hard l
and afflictive contingencies. They rejoice
the bold Boy strikes a Lion with his Hunting
and shrinks not when the Beast comes to a
his early courage.

NATURA PARENDO VINCITUR

For as it is in plants which nature volu
thrusts forth, she makes regular provision

men. They have ever such a frankness of mind, and benevolence to all men, that they cannot receive impressions of unkindness without mature deliberation; and writing or speaking ill of a man upon personal considerations is so irreparable and mean an injury, that no one possessed of this quality is capable of doing it; but in all ages there have been interpreters to authors when living, of the same genius with the commentators into whose hands they fall when dead. The truth of it is, satirists describe the age, and backbiters assign their descriptions to private men.

In all terms of reproof, when the sentence appears to arise from personal hatred or passion, it is not then made the cause of mankind, but a misunderstanding between two persons. For this reason the representations of a good-natured man bear a pleasantry in them which shows there is no malignity at heart, and by consequence they are attended to by his hearers or readers, because they are unprejudiced. This deference is only what is due to him; for no man thoroughly nettled can say a thing general enough to pass off with the air of an opinion declared, and not a passion gratified. I remember a humorous fellow at Oxford, when he heard any one had spoken ill of him, used to say, "I will not take my revenge of him until I have forgiven him." What he meant by this was, that he would not enter upon this subject until it was grown as indifferent to him as any other: and I have by this rule, seen him more than once triumph over his adversary with an inimitable spirit and humour; for he came to the assault against a man full of sore places, and he himself invulnerable.

meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he threw the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, "I thrust him away, because he did not worship thee." God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, though he dishonoured me; and wouldest thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?"

THE MIND KING OF ITSELF

Contentedness in all accidents brings great peace of spirit, and is the great and only instrument of temporal felicity. It removes the sting from the accident, and makes a man not to depend upon chance and the uncertain dispositions of men for his well-being, but only on God and his own Spirit. We our selves make our own fortunes good or bad; and when God lets loose a Tyrant upon us, or a sickness, or scorn, or a lessened fortune; if we fear to die, or know not to be patient, or are proud, or covetous; then the calamity sits heavy on us. But if we know how to manage a noble principle, and fear not Death so much as a dishonest action, and think Impatience a worse evil than a Fever, and Pride to be the biggest disgrace, and Poverty to be infinitely desirable before the torments of Covetousness; then we who now think vice to be so easy,

trick of keeping a steady countenance, that
heir hats and look glum when a pleasant
s said, and ask, "Well, and what then?"
of wit and parts should treat one another
benevolence; and I will lay it down as a
, that if you seem to have a good opinion
ther man's wit, he will allow you to have
ent.

the malmsey, or some well spic't bruage, and better breakfasted then he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Ierusalem, his Religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all day without his religion.

CONSCIENCE AND TOLERANCE

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

And though all the windes of doctrin were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licencing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falshood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the wora, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, no stratagems, no licencings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab, untill she be adured into her own likeness. Yet is it not impossible that she may have more shapes then one.

How many things might be tolerated in peace, and left to conscience, had we but charity, and

were it not the chief strong hold of our hypocrisie to be ever judging one another. I fear yet this yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks ; the ghost of a linnen decency yet haunts us. We stumble and are impatient at the least dividing of one visible congregation from another, though it be not in fundamentalls ; and through our forwardnes to suppress, and our backwardnes to recover any enthralld peece of truth out of the gripe of custom, we care not to keep truth separated from truth, which is the fiercest rent and disunion of all. We doe not see that while we still affect by all means a rigid externall formality, we may as soon fall again into a grosse conforming stupidity; a stark and dead congealment of *wood and bay and stubble* forc't and frozen together, which is more to the sudden degenerating of a Church then many petty schisms. Not that I can think well of every light separation, or that all in a Church is to be expected *gold and silver and precious stones* ; it is not possible for man to sever the wheat from the tares, the good fish from the other frie ; that must be the Angels' Ministry at the end of mortall things. Yet if all cannot be of one mind, (as who looks they should be?) this doubtles is more wholesome, more prudent, and more Christian : that many be tolerated, rather then all compell'd.

CONTROVERSY AND GROWTH

For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital but to rationall faculties, and those in the acutest and the

JOSEPH ADDISON

(1672-1719)

ON RALLERY

CALISTHENES has great wit accompanied with that quality (without which a man can have no wit at all) a sound judgment. This gentleman rallies the best of any man I know; for he forms his ridicule upon a circumstance which you are in your heart not unwilling to grant him, to wit, that you are guilty of an excess in something which is in itself laudable. He very well understands what you would be, and needs not fear your anger for declaring you are a little too much that thing. The generous will bear being reproached as lavish, and the valiant as rash, without being provoked to resentment against their monitor. What has been said to be the mark of a good writer will fall in with the character of a good companion. The good writer makes his reader better pleased with himself, and the agreeable man makes his friends enjoy themselves, rather than him, while he is in their company. I take it therefore—that to make rallery agreeable, a man must either not know he is rallied, or think never the worse of himself if he sees he is.

WORDS AND IMAGINATION

Words when well chosen, have so great a force in them, that a description often gives us more lively ideas than the sight of things themselves. It may be here worth our while to examine how it comes to pass that several readers, who are all acquainted with the same language and know the meaning of the words they read, should nevertheless have a different relish of the same descriptions. We find one transported with a passage, which another runs over with coldness and indifference; or finding the representation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of likeness and conformity. This different taste must proceed, either from the *perfection of imagination* in one more than in another, or from the *different ideas* that several readers affix to the same words. For, to have a true relish, and form a right judgment of a description, a man should be born with a good imagination, and must have well weighed the force and energy that lie in the several words of a language, so as to be able to distinguish which are most significant and expressive of their proper ideas, and what additional strength and beauty they are capable of receiving from conjunction with others. The fancy must be warm to retain the print of those images it hath received from outward objects; and the judgment discerning, to know what expressions are most proper to clothe and adorn them to the best advantage. A man who is deficient in either of these respects, tho' he may receive the general notion of a description, can

never see distinctly all its particular beauties ; as a person with a weak sight may have the confused prospect of a place that lies before him, without entering into its several parts or discerning the variety of its colours in their full glory and perfection.

OMENS

Going yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, "My dear," says she, turning to her husband, "you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night." Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. "Thursday !" says she. "No, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day ; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough." I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that anybody would establish it as a rule to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience that

[let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell toward her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, "My dear, misfortunes never come single." My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. "Do not you remember, child," says she, "that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?" "Yes," says he, "my dear; and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza." The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I despatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed, I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own

part, I quickly found by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation of the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions and additional sorrows that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail or a crooked pin shoot up into prodigies.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings

RICHARD STEELE

(1671-1729)

AN EARLY GRIEF

My first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to say with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling "Papa"; for, I knew not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother stretched me in her arms, and, transported beyond the patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and held me in a flood of tears, Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible

LADY MARY WORTLEY
MONTAGUE

(1690-1762)

POPE AS TRANSLATOR

You are the three happiest poets I ever heard of; one a secretary of state,¹ the other² enjoying leisure with dignity in two lucrative employments; and you, tho' your religious profession is an obstacle to court promotion, and disqualifies you from filling civil employments, have found the *Philosopher's stone*, since by making the *Iliad* pass through your poetical crucible into an English form without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham. I call this finding the *Philosopher's stone*, since you alone found out the secret, and nobody else has got into it. A——n¹ and T——l³ tried it, but their experiments failed; and they lost, if not their money, at least a certain portion of their fame in the trial—while you touched the mantle of the divine Bard, and imbibed his spirit. I hope we shall have the *Odyssey* soon from your happy hand, and I think I shall follow with singular pleasure

¹ Addison.² Congreve.³ Tickell.

men. They have ever such a frankness of mind, and benevolence to all men, that they cannot receive impressions of unkindness without mature deliberation; and writing or speaking ill of a man upon personal considerations is so irreparable and mean an injury, that no one possessed of this quality is capable of doing it; but in all ages there have been interpreters to authors when living, of the same genius with the commentators into whose hands they fall when dead. The truth of it is, satirists describe the age, and backbiters assign their descriptions to private men.

In all terms of reproof, when the sentence appears to arise from personal hatred or passion, it is not then made the cause of mankind, but a misunderstanding between two persons. For this reason the representations of a good-natured man bear a pleasantry in them which shows there is no malignity at heart, and by consequence they are attended to by his hearers or readers, because they are unprejudiced. This deference is only what is due to him; for no man thoroughly settled can say a thing general enough to pass off with the air of an opinion declared, and not a passion gratified. I remember a humorous fellow at Oxford, when he heard any one had spoken ill of him, used to say, "I will not take my revenge of him until I have forgiven him." What he meant by this was, that he would not enter upon the subject until it was grown as indifferent to him as any other: and I have by this rule, seen him more than once triumph over his adversary with an inimitable spirit and humour; for he came to the assault against a man full of sore places, and he himself invulnerable.

JOSEPH BUTLER

(1692-1752)

HILLS OF SAND

THE Wise Man observes, that there is a time to speak and a time to keep silence. One meets with people in the world, who seem never to have made the last of these observations. And yet these great talkers do not at all speak from their having anything to say, as every sentence shows, but only from their inclination to be talking. Their conversation is merely an exercise of the tongue; no other human faculty has any share in it. It is strange these persons can help reflecting, that unless they have in truth a superior capacity and are in an extraordinary manner furnished for conversation, if they are entertaining, it is at their own expense. Is it possible, that it should never come into people's thoughts to suspect whether or no it be to their advantage to show so very much of themselves? Oh that you would altogether hold your peace and it should be your wisdom. Remember likewise there are persons who love fewer words, an inoffensive sort of people; and who deserve some regard, though of too still and composed tempers for you. Of this number was the son of Sirach; for he plainly speaks from experience when he says, "As hills of sand are to the steps of the aged, so is one of many words to a quiet man."

trick of keeping a steady countenance, that their hats and look glum when a pleasant is said, and ask, "Well, and what then?" of wit and parts should treat one another benevolence; and I will lay it down as a n, that if you seem to have a good opinion other man's wit, he will allow you to have rent.

Italians and the French, witness their respective Academies and Dictionaries, for improving and fixing their languages. To our shame be it spoken, it is less attended to here than in any polite country; but that is no reason why you should not attend to it; on the contrary, it will distinguish you the more. Cicero says, very truly, that it is glorious to excel other men in that very article in which men excel brutes, speech.

Constant experience has shown me that great purity and elegance of style, with a graceful elocution, cover a multitude of faults in either a speaker or a writer. For my own part, I confess (and I believe most people are of my mind) that if a speaker should ungracefully mutter or stammer out to me the sense of an angel, deformed by barbarisms and solecisms, or larded with vulgarisms, he should never speak to me a second time, if I could help it. Gain the heart, or you gain nothing; the eyes and the ears are the only road to the heart. Merit and knowledge will not gain hearts, though they will secure them when gained. Pray have that truth ever in your mind.

HENRY FIELDING

(1707-1754)

DINNER UNDER DIFFICULTIES

My wife, who, besides discharging excellently well her own and all the tender offices becoming the female character, who, besides being a faithful friend, an amiable companion, and a tender nurse, could likewise supply the wants of a decrepit husband, and occasionally perform his part, had, before this, discovered the immoderate attention to neatness in Mrs. Francis and provided against its ill consequences. She had found, though not under the same roof, a very snug apartment belonging to Mr. Francis, which had escaped the mop by his wife's being satisfied, it could not possibly be visited by gentlefolks.

This was a dry, warm, oaken-floored barn, lined on both sides with wheaten straw, and opening at one end with a green field and a beautiful prospect. Here, without hesitation, she ordered the cloth to be laid, and came hastily to snatch me from worse perils by water than the common dangers of the sea.

Mrs. Francis, who could not trust her own ears, or could not believe a footman in so extraordinary a

phenomenon, followed my wife, and asked her if she had indeed ordered the cloth to be laid in the barn? She answered in the affirmative; upon which Mrs. Francis declared she would not dispute her pleasure, but it was the first time she believed that quality had ever preferred a barn to a house. She showed at the same time the most pregnant marks of contempt, and again lamented the labour she had undergone through her ignorance of the absurd taste of her guests.

At length, we were seated in one of the most pleasant spots, I believe, in the kingdom, and were regaled with our beans and bacon, in which there was nothing deficient but the quantity. This defect was however so deplorable that we had consumed our whole dish before we had visibly lessened our hunger. We now waited with impatience the arrival of our second course, which necessity, and not luxury, had dictated. This was a joint of mutton which Mrs. Francis had been ordered to provide; but when, tired with expectation, we ordered our servants to see for something else, we were informed that there was nothing else; on which Mrs. Francis, being summoned, declared there was no such thing as mutton to be had at Ryde. When I expressed some astonishment at their having no butcher in a village so situated, she answered they had a very good one, and one that killed all sorts of meat in season; beef two or three times a year, and mutton the whole year round; but that it being then beans and peas time, he killed no meat by reason he was not sure of selling it. This she had not thought worthy of communication, any more than there lived a fisherman at next door, who was then provided with plenty of

soles, and whittings, and lobsters, far superior to those which adorn a city feast. This discovery being made by accident, we completed the best, the pleasantest, and the merriest meal, with more appetite, more real solid luxury, and more festivity, than was ever seen in an entertainment at White's.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE

There is another sort of knowledge, beyond the power of learning to bestow, and this is to be had by conversation. So necessary is this to the understanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than those learned pedants whose lives have been entirely consumed in colleges and among books; for however exquisitely human nature may have been described by writers, the true practical system can be learnt only in the world. Indeed, the like happens in every other kind of knowledge. Neither physic nor law are to be practically known from books. Nay, the farmer, the planter, the gardener, must perfect by experience what he hath acquired the rudiments of by reading. How accurately soever the ingenious Mr. Miller may have described the plan, he himself would advise his disciple to see it in the garden. As we must perceive that, after the nicest strokes of a Shakespeare or a Jonson, of a Wycherly or an Otway, some touches of nature will escape the reader, which the judicious action of a Garrick, of a Cibber, or a Clive, can convey to him; so, on the real stage, the character shows himself in a stronger and bolder light than can be described. And if this be the case in those fine

and nervous descriptions which great authors themselves have taken from life, how much more strong will it hold when the writer himself takes his not from nature, but from books? Such characters are only the faint copy of a copy, and can neither the justness nor spirit of an original.

SAMUEL JOHNSON
(1709-1784)

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS

In a stage-coach the passengers are for the most part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one should therefore imagine that it was of little importance to any of them what conjectures the rest should form concerning him. Yet so it is, that as all think themselves secure from detection, all assume that character of which they are most desirous, and on no occasion is the general ambition of superiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I ascended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow-travellers. It was easy to observe the affected elevation of mien with which every one entered, and the supercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the first ceremony was despatched, we sat silent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to strike reverence and submission into our companions. .

It is always observable that silence propagates

itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended, the more difficult it is to find anything to say. We began now to wish for conversation; but no one seemed inclined to descend from his dignity, or first propose a topic of discourse. At last a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himself for this expedition with a scarlet surtout and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looked on it in silence, and then held it dangling at his finger. This was, I suppose, understood by all the company as an invitation to ask the time of day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture; and his desire to be talking so far overcame his resentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was half past five, and that in two hours we should be at breakfast.

His condescension was thrown away; we continued all obdurate: the ladies held up their heads; I amused myself with watching their behaviour; and of the other two, one seemed to employ himself in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a slumber. The man of benevolence, to show that he was not depressed by our neglect, hummed a tune and beat time upon his snuff-box.

Thus universally displeased with one another, and not much delighted with ourselves, we came at last to the little inn appointed for our repast; and all began at once to recompense themselves for the constraint of silence, by innumerable questions and orders to the people that attended us. At last, what every one had called for was got, or declared impossible to be got at that time, and we were persuaded to sit round the same table; when the gentleman in the red surtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to spare,

was sorry to see so little merriment among the all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the road, and that it was always his way to make one of the company. "I remember," says the narrator, "was on just such a morning as this, that I and Lord Mumble and the Duke of Tenterden went upon a ramble; we called at a little house which might be this; and my landlady, I warrant not suspecting to whom she was talking, was so art and facetious, and made so many merry replies to our questions, that we were all ready to burst with laughter. At last the good woman happened to overhear me whisper the duke and myself by his title, was so surprised and concerned, that we could scarcely get a word from her, and the duke never met me from that day to this. He talks of the little house, and quarrels with her for terrifying the landlady."

The narrator had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the veneration which this narrative must have gained him from the company, when one of the ladies, having reached out for a plate on a side part of the table, began to remark "the inconveniences of travelling, and the difficulty they who never sat at home without a great number of attendants found in performing for themselves such offices as the road required; but that the ladies of quality often travelled in disguise, and were generally known from the vulgar by their resemblance to poor innkeepers and the allowance they made for any defect in their entertainment—that for her part, while people were civil and pleasant well, it was never her custom to find fault, or one was not to expect upon a journey one enjoyed at one's own house."

A general emulation seemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto said nothing, called for the last newspaper, and, having perused it a while with deep pensiveness, "It is impossible," says he, "for any man to guess how to act with regard to the stock; last week it was the general opinion that they would fall; and I sold out twenty thousand pounds in order to a purchase; they have now risen unexpectedly; and I make no doubt but at my return to London I shall risk thirty thousand pounds among them again."

A young man, who had hitherto distinguished himself only by the vivacity of his looks, and frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us, that "he had a hundred times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the subject of the stocks; that for his part he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles on which they were established, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unsolid in their foundation; and that he had been advised by three judges, his most intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out upon land security, till he could light upon an estate in his own country."

It might be expected, that upon these glimpses of latent dignity, we should all have begun to look round us with veneration; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that disguises them is dissolved, and they discover the dignity of each other; yet it happened, that none of these hints made much impression on the company; every one was apparently suspected of

uring to impose false appearances upon the
ll continued their haughtiness in hopes to
their claims ; and all grew every hour more
because they found their representations of
ves without effect.

we travelled on four days with malevolence
ally increasing, and without any endeavour
outtire each other in superciliousness and
; and when any two of us could separate
s for a moment, we vented our indignation
auciness of the rest.

ength the journey was at an end ; and time
nce, that strip off all disguises, have discovered
: intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's
who has furnished a shop with the money
saved ; the man who deals so largely in the
is a clerk of a broker in 'Change Alley ;
y who so carefully concealed her quality,
cook-shop behind the Exchange ; and the
man, who is so happy in the friendship of
ges, engrosses and transcribes for bread in a
of the Temple. Of one of the women only
make no disadvantageous detection, because
l assumed no character, but accommodated
to the scene before her, without any struggle
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uld not forbear to reflect on the folly of
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ready practised too often to succeed, and by
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th the day ; and of claiming upon false
es honours which must perish with the
that paid them.

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

MY LORD,—I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When upon some slight encouragement I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*,—that I might attain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

HENRY FIELDING

(1707-1754)

JENNY UNDER DIFFICULTIES

she, who, besides discharging excellently well all the tender offices becoming the female nurse, who, besides being a faithful friend, an affectionate companion, and a tender nurse, could likewise supply the wants of a decrepit husband, and valiantly perform his part, had, before this, directed the immoderate attention to neatness in her dress, and provided against its ill consequences. She had found, though not under the name of, a very snug apartment belonging to Mr. B, which had escaped the mop by his wife's satisfaction, it could not possibly be visited by the police.

It was a dry, warm, oaken-floored barn, with straw on both sides with wheaten straw, and opening at the end with a green field and a beautiful prospect. Here, without hesitation, she ordered the bed to be laid, and came hastily to snatch me from the worse perils by water than the common dangers of the sea.

Mr. Francis, who could not trust her own ears, did not believe a footman in so extraordinary a

DAVID HUME

(1711-1776)

THE SPIRIT OF INQUIRY

IF we believe that fire warms or water refreshes 'tis only because it costs us too much pain to think otherwise. Nay, if we are philosophers, we ought only to be upon sceptical principles, and to have an inclination which we feel to the employment of ourselves after the manner. Where reason is lively and mixes itself with some propensity, it ought to be assented to. Where it does not, it never has any title to operate upon us.

At the time, therefore, that I am tired of amusement and company, and have indulged in reverie in my chamber, or in a solitary walk by the river side, I feel my mind all collected within it, and am naturally inclined to carry my view into those subjects about which I have met with many disputes in the course of my reading and conversation. I cannot forbear having a curiosity to be acquainted with the principles of moral good and evil, the nature and foundation of government, and the cause of those several passions and inclinations, which actuate and govern me. I am unwilling to think I approve of one object, and disapprove

; call one thing beautiful, and another
ed; decide concerning truth and falsehood,
and folly, without knowing upon what
es I proceed. I am concerned for the
on of the learned world, which lies under
deplorable ignorance in all these particulars.
n ambition to arise in me of contributing to
truction of mankind, and of acquiring a
y my inventions and discoveries. These
nts spring up naturally in my present dis-
; and should I endeavour to banish them,
hing myself to any other business or diver-
feel I should be a loser in point of pleasure;
is the origin of my philosophy.

LAURENCE STERNE

(1713-1768)

THE PRISONER

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room, sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right mind for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and, having first shut him up in a dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of a grated door to take his picture. I beheld his face half wasted away with long expectation and disappointment, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; thirty years the western breeze had not once freshened his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, no stars that time, nor had the voice of friend or kindred breathed through his lattice; his children were here, my heart began to bleed, and I was forced

with another part of the portrait. He was upon the ground upon a little straw, in the dark corner of his dungeon, which was alternately air and bed ; a little calendar of small sticks round the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there ; he had one of the little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty knife was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he raised up a hopeless eye towards the door, then he bowed down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the wall. He gave a deep sigh ; I saw the iron bars reflect on his soul. I burst into tears ; I could not see the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

ORARE ET LABORARE

‘I thought,’ said the curate, ‘that you gentlemen in the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers.’ ‘I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,’ said the landlady very devoutly, ‘with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.’ ‘Are you sure of it?’ replied the curate. ‘A soldier, an’ please your reverence,’ said Trim, ‘prays as often, of his own accord, as a man ; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the reason to pray to God of any one in the whole army.’

‘You was well said of thee, Trim,’ said my uncle

“‘But when a soldier,’ said I, ‘an’ please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water or engaged,’ said I, ‘for months together in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in the rear today; harassing others tomorrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next morning; numbed in his joints; perhaps without straw to lie on; must say his prayers *how* and *where* he can; I believe,’ said I, for I was piqued,” said the corporal, “for the reputation of the army I believe, an’t please your reverence,” said I, “when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his hypocrisy.”

“Thou should’st not have said that,” said my uncle Toby, “for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not. At the general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then) it will be seen whether we have done their duties in this world, and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, according to our merits.”

“I hope we shall,” said Trim.

“It is in the Scripture,” said my uncle Toby, “and I will show it thee tomorrow. In the meantime we may depend upon it, Trim, for comfort,” said my uncle Toby, “that the Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in this world, we will never be inquired into whether we have them in a red coat or a black one.”

“I hope not,” said the corporal.

THOMAS GRAY

(1716-1771)

ON "NEW" PHILOSOPHY

as sorry as you seem to be, that our acquaintance has harped so much on the subject of materialism,

I saw him with you in town, because it was to which side of the long debated question he inclined. That we are indeed mechanical and sentient beings, I need no other proof than my feelings; and from the same feelings I learn, equal conviction, that we are not *merely* such; there is a power within that struggles against the force and bias of that mechanism, commands attention, and by frequent practice reduces it to ready obedience which we call *Habit*; and this in conformity to a preconceived opinion on every matter whether right or wrong) to that least principle of all agents, a Thought. I have known men in his case who, while they thought they were conquering an old prejudice, did not perceive they were under the influence of one far more powerful; one that furnishes us with a ready apology for all our worst actions, and opens to us a full license for doing whatever we please; and these very people were not at all the more

indulgent to other men (as they naturally should have been); their indignation to such as offended them, their desire of revenge on anybody that hurt them was nothing mitigated; in short, the truth is they wished to be persuaded of that opinion for the sake of its convenience, but were not so in their heart; and they would have been glad (as they ought in common prudence) that nobody else should think the same, for fear of the mischief that might ensue to themselves. His French Author I never saw, but have read fifty in the same strain, and shall read no more. I can be wretched enough without them. They put me in mind of the Greek Sophist, that got immortal honour by discoursing so feelingly on the miseries of our condition that fifty of his audience went home and hanged themselves; yet he lived himself (I suppose) many years after in very good plight.

You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a Philosopher in vogue; I will tell you. First, he was a Lord; 2dly, he was as vain as any of his readers; 3dly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; 4thly, they will believe anything at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; 5thly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads nowhere; 6thly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seemed always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead Lord ranks but with Commoners; Vanity is no longer interested in the matter, for the new road has become an old one. The mode of free-thinking is like that of Ruffs

Farthingales, and has given place to the mode of not thinking at all ; once it was reckoned grace-half to discover and half conceal the mind, but now we have been long accustomed to see it quite naked ; primness and affectation of style, like the old breeding of Queen Anne's Court, has turned into coyness and rude familiarity.

ON POETS LAUREATE

Though I very well know the bland emollient unctuous qualities both of sack and silver, yet my great man would say to me, "I make you a catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of £300 a year and two butts of the best Malaga ; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, we shall not stand upon these things," I cannot but I should jump at it ; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office and call me *Sinecure* to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me ; but I do not pretend to blame anyone : that has not the same sensations ; for my part I would rather be sergeant-trumpeter or pinmaker than the palace. Nevertheless I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody to accept it that will retrieve the credit of the office, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. I was, I think, the last man of character that held it. As to Settle, whom you mention, he belonged to my lord mayor, not to the king. His yden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been

from his verses. The office itself has diminished the profession's interest (even in their songs were sincerity), if he were writer, by making him more conspicuous he were a great one, by setting him at the little try of his own profession; but it does little enough to make even a poet-hermit

PHILOSOPHY AND LIFE

I am very sorry to hear you treat philosophy and her followers like a parcel of mad hermits, and think myself obliged to you for the profession I honour, *mais que je n'en ai boutique* (as Madame Sévigné says). I mean that ever bore the name, if you refused to say that life was like the Olympiads (the greatest public assembly of his country), where some came to shew the strength and agility of their body, as the champions; as the musicians, orators, poets, and historians shew their excellence in those arts; the rest to get money; and the better sort, to entertain the spectacle and judge of all these. They then run away from society for fear of its censure; they passed their days in the midst of conversation was their business; they cultiv-

ception of the pains annexed to them. But I
: done preaching *à la Grecque*. Mr. Ratcliffe
e a shift to behave very rationally without their
uctions, at a season which they took a great
of pains to fortify themselves and others
ainst; one would not desire to lose one's head
with a better grace. I am particularly satisfied
with the humanity of that last embrace to all the
people about him. Sure it must be somewhat em-
barrassing to die before so much good company.

You need not fear but posterity will be ever
glad to know the absurdity of their ancestors; the
foolish will be glad to know there were as foolish
as they, and the wise will be glad to find them-
selves wiser. You will please all the world then;
and if you recount miracles you will be believed
so much the sooner. We are pleased when we
wonder, and we believe because we are pleased.
Folly and wisdom, and wonder and pleasure, join
with me in desiring you would continue to entertain
them; refuse us if you can.

A GARDEN

And so you have a garden of your own, and you
plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused;
are not you ashamed of yourself? why, I have no
such thing, you monster; nor ever shall be either
dirty or amused as long as I live! my gardens are
in the window, like those of a lodger up three pair
of stairs in Petticoat Lane or Camomile Street,
and they go to bed regularly under the same roof
that I do; dear, how charming it must be to walk
out in one's own garden, and sit on a bench in the

open air with a fountain and a leaden statue
rolling stone, and an arbour !

CONDOLENCE

I break in upon you at a moment when
of all are permitted to disturb our friends
say that you are daily and hourly present
thoughts. If the worst be not yet passed,
neglect and pardon me ; but if the last
be over, if the poor object of your long
be no longer sensible to your kindness, and
own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea,
could I do were I present, more than this
by you in silence, and pity from my heart
who is at rest, but you who lose her.
who made us, the Master of our pleasures
our pains, preserve and support you. Adieu

HORACE WALPOLE

(1717-1797)

THE ENGLISHMAN AND HIS
SUMMER

PERCEIVE the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight-and-forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread on its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of anxiety and murmur, and I have found the reason; it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realise these visions. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We win ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and taking our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable, unless you had a high hill before your nose, and thick warm wood at your back! Taste is too

freezing a commodity for us, and, depend on it, will go out of fashion again.

THE GATE OF INFIRMITY

The less one is disposed, if one has any sense, to talk of oneself to people that inquire only of compliment, and do not listen to the answer, the more satisfaction one feels in indulging a little complacency, by sighing to those that really sympathise with our griefs. Do not think of the pain that makes me give this low-spirited air to my letter. No, it is the prospect of what is to come, not the sensation of what is passing, that affects me. The loss of youth is melancholy enough; but to enter into old age through the gate of infirmity is most disheartening. My health and spirits make me take but slight notice of the transition, and under the persuasion of temperance being a talisman, I marched boldly on toward the descent of the hill, knowing I must fall at last, but not suspecting that I should stumble by the way. This confession explains the nervous agitation I feel. A month's confinement, to a man who never kept his bed a day, is a stern lesson, and has humbled my insolence to almost indifference.

Indeed I shall think myself decrepit till I can again saunter into the garden in my slippers without my hat in all weathers—a point I have determined to regain if possible; for even experience cannot make me resign my temper and my hardness. I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures; but it

me some struggles before I submit to be
ler and careful. Christ! can I ever stoop
the regimen of old age? I do not wish to
ess up a withered person, nor drag it about to
blic places; but to sit in one's room, clothed
armly, expecting visits from folk I don't wish
see, and tended and flattered by relations im-
tient for one's death! let the gout do its worst
expeditiously as it can; it would be more
elcome in my stomach than in my limbs. I
not made to bear a course of nonsense and
vice, but must play the fool in my own way to
e last, alone with all my heart, if I cannot
with the very few I wished to see; but to
pend for comfort on others, who would be no
mfort to me—this surely is not a state to be
fferred to death; and nobody can have truly
joyed the advantages of youth, health, and
irits, who is content to exist without the two
it, which alone bear any resemblance to the
st.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1728-1774)

A TRAVELLING SCHOLAR

I WAS met at the door by a captain of a ship, with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was upon the very point of ruin, in listening to the office-keeper's promises; for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. "But," continued he, "I fancy you might by a much shorter voyage be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam; what if you go in her as a passenger? The moment you land, all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English," added he, "by this time, or the deuce is in it." I confidently assured him of that; but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed with an oath that they were fond of it to distraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed with his pro-

l, and embarked the next day to teach the ch English in Holland. The wind was fair, voyage short, and, after having paid my passage a half my moveables, I found myself, as fallen a the skies, a stranger in one of the principal ets of Amsterdam. In this situation I was illing to let any time pass unemployed in hing. I addressed myself, therefore, to two hree of those I met, whose appearance seemed t promising; but it was impossible to make elves mutually understood. It was not till very moment I recollected, that in order to h Dutchmen English, it was necessary that r should first teach me Dutch. How I came overlook so obvious an objection is amazing; certain it is I overlooked it.

his scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts fairly shipping back to England again; but ng into company with an Irish student who returning from Louvain, our conversation ing upon topics of literature (for, by the way, nay be observed that I always forgot the nness of my circumstances when I could verse on such subjects), from him I learned there were not two men in his whole university, understood Greek. This amazed me; I ntly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there by teaching Greek; and in this design I heartened by my brother-student, who threw some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

set boldly forward the next morning. Every lessened the burthen of my moveables, like op and his basket of bread; for I paid them my lodgings to the Dutch as I travelled on. en I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to

go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as a master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The principal seemed, at first, to doubt of my abilities; but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus: "You see me, young man; I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, in short," continued he, "as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it."

I was now too far from home to think of returning, so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice; I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion; but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used in better days to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them

tures, and the ladies especially; but as it was my only means, it was received with joy; a proof how ready the world is to prize those talents by which a man is sup-

In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no other view but just to look about me, and then to return to my ward. The people of Paris are much more of strangers that have money than of those who have wit. As I could not boast much of my talents, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four or five days, and seeing the fronts of the best houses, I was preparing to retire to this retreat of venal hospitality; when, passing through one of the principal streets, whom I met but our cousin, to whom you first introduced me! This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiquities of all kinds for a gentleman in London, who had just stepped into taste and good fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been introduced to the art of a *cognoscento* so very suddenly, he told me that nothing was more easy. The secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules: the one, always to observe that the picture might have been better if the painter had suffered more pains; and the other, to praise the work of Pietro Perugino.

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PICTURES AND TASTE

My wife and daughters, happening to return on a visit at neighbour Flamborough's, found that I had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner who travelled the country and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and I had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, the spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and, notwithstanding all I could say, and I did say much, it was resolved that we should have our own pictures done too. Having therefore engaged a limner (for what could I do?) our next deliberation was to shew the superiority of our taste in the matter of pictures. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with oranges—a thing quite out of taste, no variety of life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and after much debate, at length came to a unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family-piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to which we were contented each with being drawn, we chose independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter requested not to be too frugal of his diamonds on her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones desired to be as Cupids by her side; while I, in my own person and bands, was to present her with my book.

historian controversy. Olivia would be as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, in a green joseph, richly laced with gold, whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a rdess, with as many sheep as the painter put in for nothing; and Moses was to be out with a hat and white feather.

EDMUND BURKE

(1729-1797)

A GREAT IMPERIALIST

My hold of the Colonies is in the close aff which grows from common names, from k blood, from similar privileges, and equal prot These are ties which, though light as air, strong as links of iron. Let the Colonists : keep the idea of their civil rights associate your Government ;—they will cling and grap you ; and no force under heaven will be of to tear them from their allegiance. As long have the wisdom to keep the sovereign autho this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the temple consecrated to our common faith, w the chosen race and sons of England w freedom, they will turn their faces towards The more they multiply, the more friends yo have ; the more ardently they love libert more perfect will be their obedience. Slaver can have anywhere. It is a weed that gro every soil. They may have it from Spain may have it from Prussia. But until you b lost to all feeling of your true interest and natural dignity, freedom they can have from

1. This is the commodity of price of which we have the monopoly. It is the spirit of the Constitution, which, infused through the mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, every part of the empire, even down to the smallest member.

Is not the same virtue which does everything here in England? Do you imagine then, that it is the Land Tax Act which raises you? or that it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army? or that it is the Militia Bill which inspires it with bravery and valour? No! surely no! It is the love of the country; it is their attachment to their government, the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution—which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal spirit, without which your army would be a feeble and your navy nothing but rotten

this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar mechanical politicians, who have no place for us; a sort of people who think that nothing but what is gross and material; and who, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a screw in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and masterless principles, which in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are the basis of everything, and all in all. Magnanimity and justice is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our station and glow with zeal

to fill our places as becomes our situation and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning, the church, *Sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adhering to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying but by promoting the wealth, the number, and the happiness, of the human race.

SPECULATION AND PRACTICE

It is very rare indeed for men to be wrong in their feelings concerning public misconduct; rare to be right in their speculation upon the cause of it. I have constantly observed that the generality of people are fifty years, at least, behindhand in their politicks. There are but very few who are capable of comparing and digesting what passes before their eyes at different times and occasions, as to form the whole into a distinct system. But in books everything is settled for them, without the exertion of any considerable diligence or sagacity. For which reason men are wise with but little reflexion, and good with little self-denial, in the business of all times except their own. We are very uncorrupt and tolerably enlightened judges of the transactions of past ages; where no passions deceive, and where the whole train of circumstances from the trifling cause to the tragical event, is laid in an orderly series before us. Few are t

izans of departed tyranny; and to be a Whig the business of an hundred years ago is very sistent with every advantage of present servility. is retrospective wisdom and historical patriotism things of wonderful convenience; and serve airably to reconcile the old quarrel between speculation and practice. Many a stern republican, after gorging himself with a full feast of admiration of the Grecian commonwealths and of our true Saxon constitution, and discharging all the splendid bile of his virtuous indignation on King John and King James, sits down perfectly satisfied to the coarsest work and homeliest job of the day he lives in. I believe there was no professed admirer of Henry the Eighth among the instruments of the last King James; nor in the court of Henry the Eighth was there, I dare say, to be found a single advocate for the favourites of Richard the Second.

THE DUTY OF TAKING SIDES

I remember an old scholastic aphorism which says that "the man who lives wholly detached from others must be either an angel or a devil."¹ When I see in any of these detached gentlemen of our times the angelic purity, power, and beneficence, I shall admit them to be angels. In the mean time we are born only to be men. We shall do enough if we form ourselves to be good ones. It is therefore our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the disposi-

¹ Cf. Cowley, p. 106.

tions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and to incur enmities. To have both strong, but both selected; in the one, to be placable; in the other, immoveable. To model our principles to our duties and our situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risque of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame, and without use. Public life is a situation of power and energy; he trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.

HIS SON'S DEATH

The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognise the divine justice, and in some degree submit myself to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his who visited his dunghill to read

al, political, and economical lectures on his
ry. I am alone. I have none to meet my
nies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly
ive myself, if in this hard season I would give
ck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame
A honour in the world. This is the appetite
nt of a few It is a luxury ; it is a privilege ; it
s an indulgence for those who are at their ease.
but we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we
re made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and
lisease. It is an instinct ; and under the direction
f reason, instinct is always in the right. I live
n inverted order ; they who ought to have
succeeded me are gone before me ; they who should
ave been to me as posterity, are in the place of
ncestors. I owe to the dearest relation—which
ver must subsist in memory—that act of piety
vhich he would have performed to me ; I owe it
o him to shew, that he was not descended, as the
Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy
arent.

WILLIAM COWPER

(1731-1800)

AN APPARITION OF MILTON

WHAT would you give to have such a dream as Milton, as I had a week since? I dreamed of being in a house in the city and with much company, looking towards the lower end of the street from the upper end of it, I descried a figure which I immediately knew to be Milton's. He was gravely but very neatly attired in the fashion of the day, and had a countenance which filled me with those feelings that an affectionate child has for his beloved father. My first thought was where he could have been concealed so many years; my second, a transport of joy to find him still alive; my third, another transport to find myself in his company; and my fourth, a resolution to ask him. I did so, and he received me with a countenance of placence, in which I saw equal sweetness and dignity. I spoke of his *Paradise Lost* as a man must who is worthy to speak of it at all, and told him a long story of the manner in which it affected me when I first discovered it, being at that time a schoolboy. He answered me by a nod and a gentle inclination of his head. He

ped my hand affectionately, and with a smile charmed me, said, "Well, you for your part do well also;" at last recollecting his great (for I understood him to be two hundred years old,) I feared that I might fatigue him by such talking, I took my leave, and he took his, with an air of the most perfect good breeding. His person, his features, his manner, were all so perfectly characteristic, that I am persuaded an apparition of him could not represent him more completely.

JOHNSON ON MILTON

I have been well entertained with Johnson's biography, for which I thank you; with one exception, and that a swinging one, I think he has acquitted himself with his usual good sense and sufficiency. His treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. A pensioner is not likely to spare a republican, and the Doctor, in order, I suppose, to convince his royal patron of the sincerity of his monarchical principles, has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty. As a man, he has hardly left him the shadow of one good quality. Churlishness in his private life, and a rancorous hatred of everything royal in his public, are the two colours with which he has smeared all the canvas. If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the Doctor's picture of him, and it is well for Milton that some sourness in his temper is the only vice with which his memory has been charged; it is evident enough that if his biographer could have discovered more,

he would not have spared him. As a poet, he treated him with severity enough, and has plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of Muse's wing, and trampled them under his foot. He has passed sentence of condemnation upon Lycidas, and has taken occasion, from a charming poem, to expose to ridicule (what is indeed ridiculous enough) the childish prattling of pastoral compositions, as if Lycidas was prototype and pattern of them all. The liveliness of the description, the sweetness of the numbers, the classical spirit of antiquity that prevails in it, go for nothing. I am convinced, by the way, that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that he was stopped by prejudice against the harmony of *Milton's*. Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of the *Paradise Lost*? It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute; variety without end, and none equalled, unless perhaps by Virgil. Yet the Doctor has little or nothing to say upon this copious theme, but talks something about the unfitness of the English language for blank verse, and how apt it is, in the mouth of some readers, to degenerate into declamation. Oh! I could thrash his old jargon till I made his pension jingle in his pockets.

TIME WAS

Let our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor need to seek them in this world of ours. Business or what presents itself to us under that im-

character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how, by means of such real or seeming necessities, my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and by the time I have made the observation, time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the Antediluvian world; that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration, and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goat's milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stript off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the mean time the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very

amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make one. By this time the day is far spent; myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus with tilling the ground and eating the fruit hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, suppose an inhabitant of the primæval world much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries that he had all slipped through his fingers and were away like a shadow. What wonder then, that we who live in a day of so much greater refinement when there is so much more to be wanted, wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself and then pinched in point of opportunity, to find some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a square like this? Thus, however, it is, and if the complaints of the disproportion of time to the occupations they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am in haste, when I have no good reason for being so.

A CANDIDATE FOR PARLIAMENT

As, when the sea is uncommonly agitated, water finds its way into creeks and holes of which in its calmer state it never reaches, in the same manner the effect of these turbulent times is even at Orchard-side, where in general we are undisturbed by the political element, as shrivelled cockles that have been accidentally deposited some hollow beyond the water mark, by the

ashing of the waves. We were sitting yesterday for dinner, the two ladies and myself, very comfortably, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlour, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when to our unspeakable surprise a mob appeared before the window; a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys halloo'd, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach.

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window, than be absolutely excluded. In a minute, the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, the drapier, addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion by saying that if I had any, I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference, Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the

maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which, not being sufficient, as it should seem, for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a ribband from his buttonhole. The boys halloo'd, the dogs barked, Puss scampered, the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never probably to be thus interrupted more.

EDWARD GIBBON

(1737-1794)

PLEASURES OF A LITERARY
LIFE

gusted with the affectation of men of letters
plain that they have renounced a substance
idow; and that their fame (which some-
no insupportable weight), affords a poor
tion for envy, censure, and persecution.
experience, at least, has taught me a very
lesson. Twenty happy years have been
by the labour of my history; and its
as given me a name, a rank, a character in
d, to which I should not otherwise have
itled. The freedom of my writings has
rovoked an implacable tribe; but as I was
n the stings, I was soon accustomed to
ing of the hornets. My nerves are not
gly alive, and my literary temper is so
amed, that I am less sensible of pain than
re. The rational pride of an author may
ded rather than flattered by vague indis-
: praise; but he cannot, he should not, be
nt to the fair testimonies of private and
steem. Even his moral sympathy may be

gratified by the idea that now, in the present, he is imparting some degree of amusement or knowledge to his friends in a distant land; that on his mind will be familiar to the grand-child those who are yet unborn. I cannot boast friendship or favour of princes; the patronage of English literature has long since been devolved on our booksellers, and the measure of their life is the least ambiguous test of our common sense. Perhaps the golden mediocrity of my fortune contributed to fortify my application.

The present is a fleeting moment, the past is more; and our prospect of futurity is doubly doubtful. This day may possibly be my last, the laws of probability, so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow me about twenty years. I shall soon enter into the period which, in the most agreeable of his long life, was selected by the judgment and experience of the sage Forster. His choice is approved by the eloquent historian, who fixes our moral happiness to the season in which our passions are supposed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition satisfied, our fame and fortune established on a solid basis. In private conversation, that great and amiable philosopher added the weight of his own experience; and the autumnal felicity might be exemplified in the lives of Voltaire, Hume, and many other men of letters. I am far more inclined to embrace than to reject this comfortable doctrine. I will not suppose that premature decay of the mind or body; but I reluctantly observe that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always with a browner shade the evening of life.

JAMES BOSWELL

(1740-1795)

INTRODUCTION TO JOHNSON

on Monday the 16th of May, when I was in Mr. Davies's back parlour, after having a walk with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson suddenly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies perceived him through the glass-door in the parlour, which we were sitting, advancing towards us, and announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Hamlet, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my lord, it is here."

I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, soon after he had published his *Dictionary*, in the attitude of sitting in his easy-chair, in deep meditation; which was the first picture ever painted of him. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was somewhat agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Mr. Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "He is a Scotchman," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scot-

land, but I cannot help it." I am willing to myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to and conciliate him, and not as a humiliating ment at the expense of my country. But if that might be, this speech was somewhat useful for with that quickness of wit for which he remarkable, he seized the expression "con Scotland," which I used in the sense of b that country; and as if I had said that I ha away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, sir, is what a very great many of your count cannot help." This stroke stunned me deal; and when we had sat down, I felt not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive c might come next. He then addressed him Davies: "What do you think of Garrick has refused me an order for the play fo Williams, because he knows the house will and that an order would be worth three shi Eager to take any opening to get into conv with him, I ventured to say, "O sir, I cannot Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to y "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have David Garrick longer than you have done know no right you have to talk to me subject." Perhaps I deserved this check was rather presumptuous in me, an entire s to express any doubt of the justice of his a version upon his old acquaintance and pu now felt myself much mortified, and began t that the hope which I had long indulged of ing his acquaintance was blasted. And it had not my ardour been uncommonly stro my resolution uncommonly persevering, so t reception might have deterred me for eve

aking any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly disarmed ; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation.

THE HOPEFULNESS OF LIFE

I profess myself to have ever entertained a profound veneration for the astonishing force and vivacity of mind which the *Rambler* exhibits. That Johnson had penetration enough to see, and seeing would not disguise, the general misery of man in this state of being, may have given rise to the superficial notion of his being too stern a philosopher. But men of reflection will be sensible that he has given a true representation of human existence, and that he has, at the same time, with a generous benevolence displayed every consolation which our state affords us ; not only those arising from the hopes of futurity, but such as may be attained in the immediate progress through life. He has not depressed the soul to despondency and indifference. He has every where inculcated study, labour, and exertion. Nay, he has shewn, in a very odious light, a man whose practice is to go about darkening the views of others, by perpetual complaints of evil, and awakening those considerations of danger and distress, which are, for the most part, lulled into a quiet oblivion.

FRIENDSHIP THE WINE OF LI

I have often thought that, as longevity is generally desired, and I believe generally expected, it will be wise to be continually adding to the number of our friends, that the loss of some may be supplied by others. Friendship, "the wine of life," like a well-stocked cellar, be thus continually renewed; and it is consolatory to think that, although we can seldom add what will equal the golden *first-growths* of our youth, yet friendship becomes insensibly old in much less time than is commonly imagined, and not many years are required to render it very mellow and pleasant. *Warmth* and affectionate temper make a considerable difference. No cold and affectionate temper and bright fancy will coalesce so great deal sooner than those who are cold and

The proposition which I have now endeavored to illustrate was, at a subsequent period of his life, the opinion of Johnson himself. He said, Joshua Reynolds, "If a man does not make acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, must keep his friendship *in constant repair*."

LETTERS OF JUNIUS
(1769)

TO THE KING

have still an honourable part to act. The
ions of your subjects may still be recovered.
efore you subdue their hearts, you must gain
le victory over your own. Discard those
personal resentments which have too long
ed your public conduct. Pardon this man¹
remainder of his punishment; and if resentment
revails, make it—what it should have been
since—an act not of mercy, but of contempt.
ill soon fall back into his natural station—a
senator, and hardly supporting the weekly
ence of a newspaper. The gentle breath of
would leave him on the surface, neglected
unremoved; it is only the tempest that lifts
from his place.

ithout consulting your minister, call together
whole council. Let it appear to the public
ou can determine and act for yourself. Come
rd to your people; lay aside the wretched
alities of a king, and speak to your subjects
the spirit of a man, and in the language of

¹ John Wilkes.

a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived; the acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honour to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man that does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or not it be in reality the general sense of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, Sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions: and when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, Sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received, and may be returned. The fortune which made you a king, forbade you to have a friend; it is a law of nature, which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favourite, and in that favourite the ruin of his affairs.

The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establish-

of that family was necessary to the support of civil and religious liberties. This, Sir, is a pledge of allegiance equally solid and rational ; for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of Majesty's encouragement. We cannot long eluded by nominal distinctions. The name of it of itself is only contemptible : armed with overreign authority, their principles are formid-

The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example ; and while he rests himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that as it was acquired by resolution, it may be lost by another.

SAMUEL ROGERS
(1763-1855)**THE RELATIVITY OF MORALS¹**

LAWS create a habit of self-restraint, not only by the influence of fear, but by regulating in its exercise the passion of revenge. If they overawe the bad by the prospect of a punishment certain and well-defined, they console the injured by the infliction of that punishment; and as the infliction is a public act, it excites and entails no enmity. The laws are offended; and the community for its own sake pursues and overtakes the offender; often without the concurrence of the sufferer, sometimes against his wishes.

Now those who were not born, like ourselves, to such advantages, we should surely rather pity than hate; and when at length they venture to turn against their rulers, we should lament, not wonder at their excesses; remembering that nations are naturally patient and long-suffering, and seldom rise in rebellion till they are so degraded by a bad government as to be almost incapable of a good one.

Nor should we require from those who are in an earlier stage of society what belongs to a later. They are only where we once were; and why

¹ Cf, Martineau, p. 293.

l them in derision? It is their business to
ivate the inferior arts before they think of the
e refined; and in many of the last what are we
a nation, when compared to others that have
ed away? Unfortunately it is too much the
tice of governments to nurse and keep alive in
governed their national prejudices. It with-
ws their attention from what is passing at home,
makes them better tools in the hands of
bition. Hence next-door neighbours are held
to us from our childhood as *natural enemies*;
we are urged on like curs to worry each other.
n like manner we should learn to be just to
viduals. Who can say, "In such circumstances
ould have done otherwise"? Who, did he
reflect by what slow gradations, often by how
y strange occurrences, we are led astray; with
much reluctance, how much agony, how many
ts to escape, how many self-accusations, how
y sighs, how many tears— Who, did he but
ct for a moment, would have the heart to cast
one? Are we not also unjust to ourselves;
are not the best among us the most so? Many
od deed is done by us and forgotten. Our
volent feelings are indulged, and we think no
e of it. But is it so when we err? And
n we wrong another and cannot redress the
ng, where are we then? Yet so it is and so
loubt it should be, to urge us on without ceasing,
his place of trial and discipline,

From good to better and to better still.

tunately these things are known to Him from
om no secrets are hidden; and let us rest in the
rance that His judgments are not as ours are.

FRANCES BURNEY

(1752-1840)

ON BURKE'S SPEECH AGAINST
WARREN HASTINGS

His opening had struck me with the highest admiration of his powers, from the eloquence, the imagination, the fire, the diversity of expression, and the ready flow of language, with which he seemed gifted, in a most superior manner, for any and every purpose to which rhetoric could lead. And when he came to his two narratives, when he related the particulars of those dreadful murders, he interested, he engaged, he at last overpowered me; I felt my cause lost, I could hardly keep on my seat. My eyes dreaded a single glance towards a man so accused as Mr. Hastings; I wanted to sink on the floor, that they might be saved so painful a sight. I had no hope that he could clear himself; not another wish in his favour remained. But when from this narration Mr. Burke proceeded to his own comments and declamation—when the charges of rapacity, cruelty, tyranny, were general, and made with all the violence of personal detestation, and continued and aggravated without any further fact or illustration;

Then there appeared more of study than of truth, more of invective than of justice; and in a very short time I began to lift up my head, my seat was no longer uneasy, my eyes were indifferent which way they looked, or what object caught them; and before I was myself aware of the declension of Mr. Burke's powers over my feelings, I found myself a mere spectator in a public place, and looking all around me, with my opera-glass in my hand.

WILLIAM COBBETT

(1762-1835)

HAWKLEY HANGER

ON we trotted up this pretty green lane; indeed we had been coming gently and generally *up hill* for a good while. The lane was between highish banks and pretty high stuff growing on banks, so that we could see no distance from and could receive not the smallest hint of what was so near at hand. The lane had a little turn towards the end; so that out we came, all in a moment, at the very *edge of the hanger!* I never in all my life was I so surprised and delighted! I pulled up my horse and sat looking; and it was like looking from the top of a castle down into the sea, except that the valley was land and not water. I looked at my servant to see what effect this unexpected sight had upon him. His surprise was as great as mine, though he had been bred amongst the North Hampshire hills. Those who had so strenuously dwelt on the dangers of this route had said not a word of the beauties, the matchless beauties of the scenery. These hangers are *woods* on the sides of *very hills*. The trees and underwood *hang* in some

ground, instead of *standing on* it. Hence
aces are called *Hangers*.

however, are not to have such beautiful
s this without some *trouble*. We had had
v ; but we had to *go down the hanger*. We
eed some roads to get along as we could
ds ; but we had to get down the hanger
The horses took the lead, and crept down
pon their feet and partly upon their hocks.
we got to the bottom, I bid my man, when
ld go back to Uphusband, tell the people
at Ashmansworth Lane is not the worst
f road in the world.

ATION AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS

went a little out of the way to go to a place
he *Bourne*, which lies in the heath at about
from Farnham. It is a winding narrow
down which, during the wet season of the
here runs a stream beginning at the *Holt*
and emptying itself into the *Wey* just below
Park, which was the seat of *Sir William*
when *Swift* was residing with him. We
this Bourne in order that I might show my
spot where I received the rudiments of my
on. There is a little hop-garden in which
to work when from eight to ten years old ;
hich I have scores of times run to follow the
, leaving the hoe to do the best that it could
oy the weeds ; but the most interesting thing
and-hill which goes from a part of the heath
o the rivulet. As a due mixture of pleasure
il, I, with two brothers, used occasionally

to *desport* ourselves, as the lawyers call it, at this sand-hill. Our diversion was this : we used to go to the top of the hill, which was steeper than the roof of a house ; one used to draw his arms out of the sleeves of his smock-frock, and lay himself down with his arms by his sides ; and then the others, one at head and the other at feet, sent him rolling down the hill like a barrel or a log of wood. By the time he got to the bottom, his hair, eyes, ears, nose, and mouth were all full of this loose sand ; then the others took their turn, and at every roll, there was a monstrous spell of laughter. I had often told my sons of this while they were very little, and I now took one of them to see the spot. But that was not all. This was the spot where I was receiving my *education* ; and this was the sort of education ; and I am perfectly satisfied that if I had not received such an education or something very much like it ; that if I had been brought up a milksop, with a nursery-maid everlastingly at my heels ; I should have been at this day as great a fool, as inefficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots that are turned out from Winchester and Westminster School, or from any of those dens of dunces called Colleges and Universities. It is impossible to say how much I owe to that sand-hill ; and I went to return it my thanks for the ability which it probably gave me to be one of the greatest terrors, to one of the greatest and most powerful bodies of knaves and fools, that ever were permitted to afflict this or any other country.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(1771-1832)

THE APPROACHING BY STRAW-
BREADTHS

ministers ranged themselves around a large table, placing Morton amongst them bound places, in such a manner as to be opposite to each which was to strike his knell. Food placed before them, of which they offered the intended victim a share; but, it will readily be observed, he had little appetite. When this was moved, the party resumed their devotions. Mr. M., whose fierce zeal did not perhaps exclude feelings of doubt and compunction, began to exult in prayer, as if to wring from the Deity that the bloody sacrifice they proposed was a profitable service. The eyes and ears of his hearers were anxiously strained as if to gain some new sound, which might be converted or wrested into any type of approbation, and ever and anon dark clouds were turned on the dial-plate of the time-watch to watch its progress towards the moment of noon.

Morton's eye frequently took the same course, but he said reflection that there appeared no

possibility of his life being expanded beyond narrow segment which the index had yet to on the circle until it arrived at the fatal Faith in his religion, with a constant unprincipled principle of honour and the sense of co-innocence, enabled him to pass through dreadful interval with less agitation than himself could have expected, had the same been prophesied to him. Yet there was a that eager and animating sense of right supported him in similar circumstances, with the power of Claverhouse. Then he was conscious that amid the spectators were many who lamenting his condition and some who approved his conduct. But now, among these passionate and ferocious zealots, whose hardened brows soon to be bent, not merely with indifference with triumph, upon his execution; without to speak a kindly word, or give a look of sympathy or encouragement, — awaiting sword destined to slay him crept out scabbard gradually, and as it were by breadths, and condemned to drink the bitter of death drop by drop,—it is no wonder feelings were less composed than they had any former occasion of danger. His executioners, as he gazed around them, seemed alter their forms and features, like specters feverish dream; their figures became larger, their faces more disturbed; and as an imagination predominated over the realities his eyes received, he could have thought surrounded rather by a band of demons than human beings; the walls seemed to drip blood, and the light tick of the clock the

th such loud painful distinctness, as if
were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on
nerve of the organ.

ith pain that he felt his mind wavering
the brink between this and the future
He made a strong effort to compose
devotional exercises, and unequal during
l strife of nature to arrange his own
nto suitable expressions, he had in-
recourse to the petition for deliverance
mposure of spirit which is to be found
ok of Common Prayer of the Church
d. Macbriar, whose family were of
asion, instantly recognised the words,
: unfortunate prisoner pronounced half

lacked but this," he said, his pale cheek
ith resentment, "to root out my carnal
to see his blood spilt. He is a prelatist,
ught the camp under the disguise of an
nd all, and more than all, that has been
a must needs be verity. His blood be
ad, the deceiver! let him go down
, with the ill-mumbled mass which he
yer-book in his right hand!"

z up my song against him!" exclaimed
. "As the sun went back on the dial
s for intimating the recovery of holy
so shall it now go forward, that the
y be taken away from among the people,
venant established in its purity."

ng to a chair in an attitude of frenzy, in
nticipate the fatal moment by putting the
ward; and several of the party began to
y their slaughter-weapons for immediate

execution, when Mucklewrath's hand was arrested by one of his companions.

"Hist!" he said—"I hear a distant noise."

"It is the rushing of the brook over the pebbles," said one.

"It is the sough of the wind among the bracken," said another.

"It is the galloping of horse," said Morton to himself, his sense of hearing rendered acute by the dreadful situation in which he stood—"God grant they may come as my deliverers!"

The noise approached rapidly and became more and more distinct.

"It is horse!" cried Macbriar. "Look on and descry who they are."

"The enemy are upon us!" cried one, who had opened the window in obedience to his order.

A thick trampling and loud voices were heard immediately round the house. Some rose to resist and some to escape; the doors and windows were forced at once, and the red coats of the troopers appeared in the apartment.

DOMINIE SAMPSON'S CLOTHES

The fate of Dominie Sampson would have been deplorable had it depended upon any one except Mannering, who was an admirer of originality. A separation from Lucy Bertram would have certainly broken his heart. MacMorlan had given a full account of his proceedings towards the daughter of his patron. The answer was a request from Mannering to know whether the Dominie still possessed that admirable virtue of taciturnity.

he was so notably distinguished at Ellan-lacMorlan replied in the affirmative.

"Sampson know," said the Colonel's
"that I shall want his assistance to
and put in order the library of my uncle
which I have ordered to be sent down
shall also want him to copy and arrange
s. Fix his salary at what you think
Let the poor man be properly dressed,
and his young lady to Woodbourne."

MacMorlan received this mandate with-
out pondered much upon executing that
which related to newly attiring the
Dominie. He looked at him with a
eye, and it was but too plain that his
ments were daily waxing more deplor-
give him money, and bid him go and
self, would be only giving him the
making him ridiculous; for when such a
arrived to Mr. Sampson as the purchase
ments, the additions which he made to
be by the guidance of his own taste
ought all the boys of the village after
any days. On the other hand, to bring
measure him, and send home his clothes
schoolboy, would probably give offence.

MacMorlan resolved to consult Miss
and request her interference. She assured
though she could not pretend to super-
gentleman's wardrobe, nothing was more
to arrange the Dominie's.

"Ilangowan," she said, "whenever my
thought any part of the Dominie's
ed renewal, a servant was directed to
room by night, for he sleeps as fast as

a dormouse, carry off the old vestment, and leave the new one; nor could any one observe that the Dominie exhibited the least consciousness of the change put upon him on such occasions."

MacMorlan, in conformity with Miss Bertram's advice, procured a skilful artist, who, on looking at the Dominie attentively, undertook to make for him two suits of clothes, one black and one raven-grey, and even engaged that they should fit him—as well at least (so the tailor qualified his enterprise) as a man of such an out-of-the-way build could be fitted by merely human needles and shears. When this fashioner had accomplished his task, and the dresses were brought home, MacMorlan, judiciously resolving to accomplish his purpose by degrees, withdrew that evening an important part of his dress, and substituted the new article of raiment in its stead. Perceiving that this passed totally without notice, he next ventured on the waistcoat, and lastly on the coat. When fully metamorphosed, and arrayed for the first time in his life in a decent dress, they did observe that the Dominie seemed to have some indistinct and embarrassing consciousness that a change had taken place on his outward man. Whenever they observed this dubious expression gather upon his countenance, accompanied with a glance, that fixed now upon the sleeve of his coat, now upon the knees of his breeches, where he probably missed some antique patching and darning, which, being executed with blue thread upon a black ground, had somewhat the effect of embroidery, they always took care to turn his attention into some other channel, until his garments, "by the aid of use, cleaved to their mould." The only remark

er known to make on the subject was
ir of a town like Kippletringan seemed
unto wearing apparel, for he thought
oked almost as new as the first day he
which was when he went to stand trial
ice as a preacher.”

JANE AUSTEN

(1775-1817)

AN UNLIKELY HEROINE

No one who had ever seen Catherine Morland in her infancy would have supposed her born to be an heroine. Her situation in life, the character of her father and mother, her own person and position, were all equally against her. Her father was a clergyman, without being neglected or without and a very respectable man, though his name was Richard, and he had never been handsome. He had a considerable independence, besides two small livings, and he was not in the least addicted to locking up his daughters. Her mother was a woman of useful plain sense, with a good temper, and, what is more remarkable, with a good constitution. She had three sons before Catherine was born; and instead of dying in bringing the latter into the world, as anybody might expect, she still lived on—lived to have six children more—to see them growing up around her, and to retain excellent health herself. A family of ten children will be always called a fine family, where there are heads, and arms, and legs enough for the number; but the Morlands had little other right to the

ey were in general very plain, and Catherine, any years of her life, as plain as any. She thin awkward figure, a sallow skin without our, dark lank hair, and strong features; so ach for her person, and not less unpropitious for eroism seemed her mind. She was fond of all oys' plays, and greatly preferred cricket, not erely to dolls, but to the more heroic enjoyments f infancy, nursing a dormouse, feeding a canary ird, or watering a rose-bush. Indeed, she had no aste for a garden; and if she gathered flowers at ll, it was chiefly for the pleasure of mischief, at east so it was conjectured from her always pre-erring those which she was forbidden to take. Such were her propensities; her abilities were uite as extraordinary. She never could learn or nderstand anything before she was taught, and ometimes not even then, for she was often inattent-ve and occasionally stupid. Writing and accounts he was taught by her father; French by her other. Her proficiency in either was not re-arkable, and she shirked her lessons in both whenever she could. What a strange unaccount-ible character! for with all these symptoms of rofligacy at ten years old, she had neither a bad eart nor a bad temper, was seldom stubborn, scarcely ever quarrelsome, and very kind to the ittle ones, with few interruptions of tyranny. She was, moreover, noisy and wild, hated confinement and cleanliness, and loved nothing so well in the world as rolling down the green slope at the back of the house.

Such was Catherine Morland at ten. At fifteen ppearances were mending; she began to curl her hair and long for balls, her complexion improved,

her features were softened by plumpness and color, her eyes gained more animation, and her figure more consequence. Her love of dirt gave way to an inclination for finery, and she grew clean and grew smart; she had now the pleasure of sometimes hearing her father and mother remark on her personal improvement. "Catherine grows quite a good-looking girl; she is almost pretty to-day," were words which caught her ears now and then, and how welcome were the sounds! To be almost pretty is an acquisition of higher delight to a girl who has been looking plain the first ten years of her life, than a beauty from her cradle ever receive.

It was not very wonderful that Catherine, had by nature nothing heroic about her, should prefer cricket, base-ball, riding on horse-back, running about the country, at the age of fourteen to books, or at least books of information, provided that nothing like useful knowledge could be gained from them, provided they were all over and no reflection, she had never any objection to books at all. But from fifteen to seventeen she was in training for a heroine; she read all the works as heroines must read to supply their memories with those quotations which are so serviceable and so soothing in the vicissitudes of their eventful lives.

So far her improvement was sufficient, and on many other points she came on exceedingly well; for though she could not write sonnets, she bothered herself to read them; and though there seemed no chance of her throwing a whole party into raptures by a prelude on the piano-forte of her own composition, she could listen to other people's

re with very little fatigue. Her greatest cy was in the pencil—she had no notion of r—not enough even to attempt a sketch of er's profile, that she might be detected in ign. There she fell miserably short of the roic height. At present she did not know a poverty, for she had no lover to portray. was not one lord in the neighbourhood; no, en a baronet. There was not one family their acquaintance who had reared and ed a boy accidentally found at their door; e young man whose origin was unknown. ther had no ward, and the squire of the no children.

when a young lady is to be a heroine, the eness of forty surrounding families cannot her. Something must and will happen to a hero in her way.

NOVELS

Il not adopt that ungenerous and impolitic, so common with novel writers, of degrad- their contemptuous censure, the very per- ces to the number of which they are them- adding: joining with their greatest enemies owing the harshest epithets on such works, arcely ever permitting them to be read by wn heroine, who, if she accidentally take up l, is sure to turn over its insipid pages with . Alas! if the heroine of one novel be tronised by the heroine of another, from can she expect protection and regard? I approve of it. Let us leave it to the

reviewers to abuse such effusions of fancy at their leisure, and over every new novel to talk in threadbare strains of the trash with which the press now groans. Let us not desert one another; we are an injured body. Although our productions have afforded more extensive and unaffected pleasure than those of any other literary corporation in the world, no species of composition has been so much decried. From pride, ignorance, or fashion, our foes are almost as many as our readers; and while the abilities of the nine-hundredth abridger of the History of England, or of the man who collects and publishes in a volume some dozen lines of Milton, Pope, and Prior, with a paper from the Spectator, and a chapter from Sterne, are eulogised by a thousand pens, there seems almost a general wish of decrying the capacity and undervaluing the labour of the novelist, and of slighting the performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them.

A LESSON IN TASTE

She knew nothing of drawing — nothing of taste; and she listened with an attention which brought her little profit, for they talked in phrases which conveyed scarcely any idea to her. The little which she could understand, however, appeared to contradict the very few notions she had entertained on the matter before. It seemed as if a good view were no longer to be taken from the top of a high hill, and that a clear blue sky was no longer a proof of a fine day. She was heartily ashamed of her ignorance—a

placed shame. Where people wish to attach, they should always be ignorant. To come with a well-informed mind, is to come with an inability administering to the vanity of others, which a sensible person would always wish to avoid. A woman, especially, if she have the misfortune knowing any thing, should conceal it as well she can.

The advantages of natural folly in a beautiful girl have been already set forth by the capital of a sister author; and to her treatment of the subject I will only add, in justice to men, that though, to the larger and more trifling part of the sex, imbecility in females is a great enhancement of their personal charms,¹ there is a portion of them too reasonable, and too well-formed themselves, to desire anything more in a woman than ignorance. But Catherine did not know her own advantages; did not know that a good-looking girl with an affectionate heart, and a very ignorant mind, cannot fail of attracting a clever young man, unless circumstances are particularly untoward. In the present instance, she confessed and lamented her want of knowledge; declared she would give anything in the world to be able to draw; and a lecture on the picturesque immediately followed, in which his instructions were so clear that she soon began to see beauty in everything admired by him; and her attention was so earnest, that he became perfectly satisfied in her having a great deal of natural taste.

¹ Cf. Defoe, p. 119.

MRS. ELTON ON UPSTARTS

I have quite a horror of upstarts. Maple Grove has given me a thorough disgust to people of that sort; for there is a family in that neighbourhood who are such an annoyance to my brother and sister from the airs they give themselves! Your description of Mrs. Churchill made me think of them directly. People of the name of Tupman, very lately settled there, and encumbered with many low connections, but giving themselves immense airs, and expecting to be on a footing with the old established families. A year and a half is the very utmost that they can have lived at West Hall; and how they got their fortune nobody knows. They came from Birmingham, which is not a place to promise much, you know. One has not great hopes from Birmingham. I always say there is something direful in the sound; but nothing more is positively known of the Tupmans, though a good many things, I assure you, are suspected; and yet by their manners they evidently think themselves equal even to my brother, Mr. Suckling, who happens to be one of their nearest neighbours. It is infinitely too bad. Mr. Suckling, who has been eleven years a resident at Maple Grove, and whose father had it before him—I believe, at least—I am almost sure that old Mr. Suckling had completed the purchase before his death.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1770-1850)

POETRY AND SCIENCE

knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of science cleaves to us as a necessary part of our nature, our natural and unalienable inheritance; neither is a personal and individual acquisition, nor does it come to us, and by no habitual and constant sympathy connecting us with our fellow-men. The man of science seeks truth as a distant and unknown benefactor; he cherishes science in his solitude; the poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, loves the presence of truth as our visible and hourly companion. Poetry is the more human and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the unpassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science.¹ Emphatically may it be said of the poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, "He looks before and after." He is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and supporter carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate,

¹ Cf. Shelley, p. 266.

of language and manners, of laws and customs spite of things silently gone out of mind, and th violently destroyed; the poet binds together passion and knowledge the vast empire of hu society, as it is spread over the whole earth over all time. The objects of the poet's thou are everywhere; though the eyes and sense man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he follow wheresoever he can find an atmospher sensation in which to move his wings. Poet the first and last of all knowledge—it is as imm as the heart of man.

IMMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(1772-1834)

GENIUS IS NOT IRRITABLE

men of the greatest genius, as far as we can
ge from their own works or from the accounts
their contemporaries, appear to have been of calm
tranquil temper in all that related to themselves.
the inward assurance of permanent fame, they
n to have been either indifferent or resigned
h regard to immediate reputation. Through
the works of Chaucer there reigns a cheerfulness,
anly hilarity, which makes it almost impossible
doubt a correspondent habit of feeling in the
hor himself. Shakespeare's evenness and sweet-
s of temper were almost proverbial in his own
. That this did not arise from ignorance of
own comparative greatness, we have abundant
of in his Sonnets, which could scarcely have
n known to Pope, when he asserted that our
at bard "grew immortal in his own despite."
In Spenser, indeed, we trace a mind constitu-
tially tender, delicate, and, in comparison with
three great compeers, I had almost said,
eminate; and this additionally saddened by the
just persecution of Burleigh, and the severe

calamities which overwhelmed his latter day. These causes have diffused over all his compositions "a melancholy grace," and have drawn forth occasional strains, the more pathetic from their gentleness. But nowhere do we find the least trace of irritability, and still less of quarrelsome affected contempt for his censurers.

The same calmness and even greater self-possession may be affirmed of Milton, as far as his poems of poetic character are concerned. He reserved his anger for the enemies of religion, freedom, and country. My mind is not capable of forming a more august conception than arises from the contemplation of this great man in his latter days:—poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, persecuted:

"Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,"
in an age in which he was as little understood as the party for whom, as by that against whom, he had contended, and among men before whom he strode so far as to dwarf himself by the distance, yet still listening to the music of his own thoughts or if additionally cheered, yet cheered only by the prophetic faith of two or three solitary individuals, he did nevertheless

"argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bore up and steer'd
Right onward."

From others only do we derive our knowledge that Milton, in his latter day, had his scorners and detractors; and, even in his day of youth and hope, that he had enemies would have been unknown to us, had they not been likewise the enemies of his country.

BURKE'S PRESCIENCE

the scholar refer to the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke at the commencement of the American War, and compare them with his speeches and writings at the commencement of the French revolution. He will find the principles of the same and the deductions the same; but the actual inferences almost opposite in the one from those drawn in the other; yet in both equally legitimate, and in both equally confirmed by facts. Whence gained he this superiority of insight? How are we to explain the notorious fact that the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke are more interesting at the present day than were found at the time of their first publication; that those of his illustrious confederates are either forgotten, or exist only to furnish proof that the conclusion, which one man had deduced philosophically, *may* be brought out by another in the presence of errors that luckily chanced to illustrate each other? It would be unhandsome conjecture, even were it not, as it actually is, a point of fact, to attribute this difference to the superiority of talent on the part of Burke's friends, to their experience, or of historical knowledge. The probable solution is, that Edmund Burke foresaw and had sedulously sharpened that eye which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the laws that determine their existence and prescribe their possibility. He referred all things to principles. He was a scientific man; and therefore a seer. Wearisome as

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(1775-1817)

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they were in general very plain, and Catherine, by years of her life, as plain as any. She had thin awkward figure, a sallow skin without dark lank hair, and strong features; so for her person, and not less unpropitious for seemed her mind. She was fond of all plays, and greatly preferred cricket, not to dolls, but to the more heroic enjoyments of it, nursing a dormouse, feeding a canary, watering a rose-bush. Indeed, she had not a garden; and if she gathered flowers at it was chiefly for the pleasure of mischief, at

it was conjectured from her always preferring those which she was forbidden to take. These were her propensities; her abilities were extraordinary. She never could learn or understand anything before she was taught, and knew not even then, for she was often inattentive—occasionally stupid. Writing and accounts were taught by her father; French by her

Her proficiency in either was not remarkable, and she shirked her lessons in both as far as she could. What a strange unaccountable character! for with all these symptoms of stupidity at ten years old, she had neither a bad memory nor a bad temper, was seldom stubborn, never quarrelsome, and very kind to the domestics, with few interruptions of tyranny. She was moreover, noisy and wild, hated confinement and cleanliness, and loved nothing so well in the world as rolling down the green slope at the back of the house.

It was Catherine Morland at ten. At fifteen her clothes were mending; she began to curl her hair long for balls, her complexion improved,

her features were softened by plumpness and color, her eyes gained more animation, and her fire more consequence. Her love of dirt gave way to an inclination for finery, and she grew clean and grew smart; she had now the pleasure of sometimes hearing her father and mother remark on her personal improvement. "Catherine grows a good-looking girl; she is almost pretty to-day," were words which caught her ears now and then, and how welcome were the sounds! To be almost pretty is an acquisition of higher delight to a girl who has been looking plain the first twenty years of her life, than a beauty from her cradle ever receive.

It was not very wonderful that Catherine had by nature nothing heroic about her, she preferred cricket, base-ball, riding on horse-back, running about the country, at the age of fourteen to books, or at least books of information, provided that nothing like useful knowledge could be gained from them, provided they were amusing and no reflection, she had never any objection to books at all. But from fifteen to seventeen she was in training for a heroine; she read a great many works as heroines must read to supply their memories with those quotations which are so serviceable and so soothing in the vicissitudes of their eventful lives.

So far her improvement was sufficient, but on many other points she came on exceedingly slowly. For though she could not write sonnets, she liked herself to read them; and though there seemed no chance of her throwing a whole party into raptures by a prelude on the piano-forte of her own composition, she could listen to other people's

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NOVELS

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ced shame. Where people wish to attach, should always be ignorant. To come with a well-informed mind, is to come with an inability administering to the vanity of others, which a sensible person would always wish to avoid. A woman, especially, if she have the misfortune of knowing any thing, should conceal it as well as she can.

The advantages of natural folly in a beautiful girl have been already set forth by the capital pen of a sister author; and to her treatment of the subject I will only add, in justice to men, that though, to the larger and more trifling part of the sex, imbecility in females is a great enhancement of their personal charms,¹ there is a portion of them too reasonable, and too well-informed themselves, to desire anything more in a woman than ignorance. But Catherine did not know her own advantages; did not know that a good-looking girl with an affectionate heart, and a very ignorant mind, cannot fail of attracting a clever young man, unless circumstances are particularly untoward. In the present instance, she confessed and lamented her want of knowledge; declared she would give anything in the world to be able to draw; and a lecture on the picturesque immediately followed, in which his instructions were so clear that she soon began to see beauty in everything admired by him; and her attention was so earnest, that he became perfectly satisfied of her having a great deal of natural taste.

¹ Cf. Defoe, p. 119.

us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England; a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)

POETRY AND SCIENCE

Knowledge both of the Poet and the Man
ence is pleasure; but the knowledge of
e cleaves to us as a necessary part of our
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e looks before and after. He is the rock
ence for human nature; an upholder and
er carrying everywhere with him relationship
re. In spite of difference of soil and climate,

¹ Cf. Shelley, p. 266.

masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

THE RETURN FROM SKIDDAW

We have clambered up to the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before; they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. Mary was excessively tired when she got about half-way up Skiddaw, but we came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be imagined more cold, running over cold stones), and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water she surmounted it most manfully. Oh, its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out, like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned (I have now been come home near three weeks; I was a month out), and you cannot

the degradation I felt at first, from being
ned to wander free as air among mountains,
he in rivers without being controlled by any
come home and *work*. I felt very *little*.
een dreaming I was a very great man. But
going off, and I find I shall conform in time
state of life to which it has pleased God to
. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the
are better places to live in for good and all
midst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those
laces where I wandered about, participating
greatness. After all, I could not *live* in
w. I could spend a year, two, three years
them, but I must have a prospect of seeing
treet at the end of that time, or I should
nd pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a
ature.

WARNING TO TRAVELLERS

general scope of your letter afforded no
ons of insanity, but some particular points
scruple. For God's sake don't think any
"Independent Tartary." What are you
mong such Ethiopians? Is there no *lineal*
ant of Prester John? Is the chair empty?
sword unswayed?—depend upon it they'll
ake you their king, as long as any branch
great stock is remaining. I tremble for
hristianity. Read Sir John Mandeville's
to cure you, or come over to England.
is a Tartar-man now exhibiting at Exeter
. Come and talk with him, and hear what
first. Indeed, he is no very favourable

specimen of his countrymen! But perhaps
best thing you can do is to *try* to get the *idea*
of your head. For this purpose repeat to y
every night, after you have said your praye
words Independent Tartary, Independent Ta
two or three times, and associate with them th
of *oblivion* ('tis Hartley's method with ob
memories), or say Independent, Independent
I not already got an *independence*? That
clever way of the old puritans, pun-divinity.
dear friend, think what a sad pity it would
bury such *parts* in heathen countries, among
unconversable, horse - belching Tartar p
Some say, they are Cannibals; and then, con
Tartar-fellow *eating* my friend, and adding t
malignity of mustard and vinegar! I am afr
the reading of Chaucer has misled you; his
stories about Cambuscan, and the ring, an
horse of brass. Believe me, there are no
things, 'tis all the poet's *invention*; but if
were such darling things as old Chaucer si
would *up* behind you on the horse of brass
frisk off for Prester John's country. But the
all tales; a horse of brass never flew, and a
daughter never talked with birds! The T
really, are a cold, insipid, smouchy set. You
sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among
Pray *try* and cure yourself. Take hellebore
counsel is Horace's, 'twas none of my th
originally). Shave yourself oftener. Ea
saffron, for saffron - eaters contract a te
Tartar-like yellow. Pray, to avoid the
Eat nothing that gives the heart-burn. *Shave*
upper lip. Go about like a European. Rea
books of voyages (they are nothing but lies).

and then a romance, to keep the fancy *under*.
We all, don't go to any sights of *wild beasts*.
has been your ruin. Accustom yourself to
the familiar letters, on common subjects, to your
ends in England, such as are of a moderate
understanding. And think about common things
here. I supped last night with Rickman, and
met a merry *natural* captain, who pleases himself
chiefly with once having made a pun at Otaheite in
the O. language. 'Tis the same man who said
Shakespeare he liked, because he was so *much of*
gentleman. Rickman is a man "absolute in all
numbers." I think I may one day bring you
faint, if you do not go to Tartary first; for
I'll never come back. Have a care, my dear
friend, of Anthropophagi! their stomachs are
always craving. 'Tis terrible to be weighed out
fivepence a pound. To sit at table (the reverse
fishes in Holland) not as a guest but as a meat.
God bless you; do come to England. Air and
exercise may do great things. Talk with some
minister. Why not your father?
God dispose all for the best. I have discharged
my duty.—Your sincere friend, C. LAMB.

THE MACBETH AND LEAR OF SHAKESPEARE

The truth is, the characters of Shakespeare are
much the objects of meditation rather than of
interest or curiosity as to their actions, that while
we are reading any of his great criminal characters,—
Macbeth, Richard, even Iago,—we think not so
much of the crimes which they commit, as of the

ambition, the aspiring spirit, the intellectual activity which prompts them to overleap these moral fences. So little do the actions comparatively affect us, that while the impulses, the inner mind in all its perverted greatness solely seems real and is exclusively attended to, the crime is comparatively nothing. But when we see these things represented, the actions which they do are comparatively everything, the impulses nothing. The state of sublime emotion which we are elevated by those images of night and horror which Macbeth is made to utter, that sole prelude with which he entertains the time till the bell shall strike which is to call him to murder Duncan,—when we no longer read it in a book, when we have given up that vantage ground of abstraction which reading possesses over seeing, when we come to see a man in his bodily shape before our eyes actually preparing to commit a murder, if the acting be true and impressive, the painful anxiety about the act, the natural longing to prevent it which it yet seems unperpetrated, the too close presence, the semblance of reality, give a pain and an uneasiness which totally destroy all the delight which the words in the book convey, where the deed does never presses upon us with the painful sense of presence: it rather seems to belong to history, to something past and inevitable, if it has anything to do with time at all. The sublime images, the power alone, is that which is present to our minds in reading.

So to see Lear acted,—to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter and relieve him

is all the feeling which the acting of Lear produced in me. But the Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear; they might more easily propose to personate Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual; his explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and dissolving to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. His case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear,¹—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised in the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will on the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime justification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when in his reproaches to them for surviving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that "they themselves are old"? What stature shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it

¹ Cf. Hazlitt, p. 241.

show ; it is too hard and stony ; it must have love-scenes and a happy ending. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through,—the flaying of his feelings alive,—did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation,—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy! As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if, at his years and with his experience, anything was left but to die.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

(1778-1830)

DR. JOHNSON AND SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE's bold and happy flights of imagination were equally thrown away upon our author. According to Dr. Johnson, a mountain is sublime, or a rose is beautiful; for that their name and definition imply. But he would no more be able to give the description of Dover cliff in *Lear*, or the description of flowers in *The Winter's Tale*, than to describe the objects of a sixth sense; nor do we think he would have any very profound feeling of the beauty of the passages here referred to. A stately common-place, such as Congreve's description of a ruin in the *Mourning Bride*, would have answered Johnson's purpose just as well, or better than the first; and an indiscriminate profusion of scents and hues would have interfered less with the ordinary routine of his imagination than Perdita's lines which seemed enamoured of their own sweetness—

“Daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.”

No one who does not feel the passion which the objects inspire can go along with the imagination which seeks to express that passion and the unconscious sense of delight by something still more beautiful, and no one can feel this passionate love of nature without quick natural sensibility. To a material and formal apprehension, the inimitable characteristic epithet, "violets *dim*," must seem imply a defect, rather than a beauty; and to one not feeling the full force of that epithet, which suggests an image like "the sleepy eye of love," allusion to "the lids of Juno's eyes" must appear extravagant and unmeaning. Shakespeare's faintest words and images to the most refined sensibility to nature, struggling for expression; descriptions are identical with the things themselves, seen through the fine medium of passion. Strip them of that connection, and try them by ordinary conceptions and ordinary rules, and they are as grotesque and barbarous as you please.

HAMLET

"This is that Hamlet the Dane, whom we remember of in our youth, and whom we seem almost to remember in our after years; he who made that famous soliloquy on life; who gave the advice to the players; who thought "this goodly frame, this earth, a steril promontory, and this brave o'erhanging firmament, the air, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours"; whom "man delighted not, woman neither"; he who talked with the grave-diggers and moralised on Yorick's skull;

ol-fellow of Rosencrans and Guildenstern at
 enberg; the friend of Horatio; the lover of
 elia; he that was mad and sent to England;
 slow avenger of his father's death; who lived at
 e court of Horwendillus five hundred years before
 e were born, but all whose thoughts we seem to
 ow as well as we do our own, because we have
 ad them in Shakespeare.

Hamlet is a name; his speeches and sayings
 t the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What,
 en, are they not real? They are as real as our
 m thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's
 nd. It is *we* who are Hamlet.¹ This play has
 prophetic truth, which is above that of history.
 hoever has become thoughtful and melancholy
 ough his own mishaps or those of others; who-
 er has borne about with him the clouded brow of
 lection, and thought himself "too much i' th'
 r"; whoever has seen the golden lamp of day
 nmed by envious mists rising in his own breast,
 d could find in the world before him only a dull
 unk with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever
 s known "the pangs of despised love, the law's
 lay, the insolence of office and the spurns that
 tient merit of the unworthy takes"; he who has
 t his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to
 heart like a malady; who has had his hopes
 ghted and his youth staggered by the apparitions
 strange things; who cannot be well at ease,
 ile he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre;
 ose powers of action have been eaten up by
 ight; he to whom the universe seems infinite
 d himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes
 n careless of consequences, and who goes to a

¹ Cf. C. Lamb, p. 237.

play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life by a mock representation of them,—this is the true Hamlet.

We have been so used to this tragedy that we hardly know how to criticise it any more than we should know how to describe our own faces. It is the one of Shakespeare's plays that we think of oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred by the turn of his mind to the general account of humanity. If *Lear* shews the greatest depth of passion, *Hamlet* is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. Shakespeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shewn more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest; every thing is left for time and circumstances to unfold; there is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind.

CALIBAN

The character of Caliban is generally thought (and justly so) to be one of the author's masterpieces. It is not indeed pleasant to see this character on the stage, any more than it is to see the god Pan personated there. But in itself it is one of the wildest and most abstracted of all Shakespeare's characters, whose deformity whether of body or mind is redeemed by the power and truth of the imagination displayed in it. It is the essence

rossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity. Shakespeare has described the brutal mind of Caliban in contact with the pure and original of nature; the character grows out of the where it is rooted uncontrouled; uncouth and, uncramped by any of the meannesses of man. It is "of the earth, earthy." It seems not to have been dug out of the ground, with a instinctively superadded to it answering to its nature and origin. Vulgarity is not natural coarseness, but conventional coarseness, learnt from others, contrary to, or without an entire conformity of moral power and disposition; as fashion is the mon-place affectation of what is elegant and is not without any feeling of the essence of it. Coleridge observes that Caliban is a poetical character, and "always speaks in blank verse."

In conducting Stephano and Trinculo to Prospero's cell, Caliban shews the superiority of natural simplicity over greater knowledge and greater folly; in a former scene, when Ariel frightens them with his music, Caliban to encourage them accounts it in the eloquent poetry of the senses,

Be not afraid, the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices
That if I then had waked after long sleep,
Would make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me: when I wak'd
cried to dream again."

This is not more beautiful than it is true. The scene here shews us the savage with the simplicity of a child, and makes the strange monster amiable.

PUCK AND ARIEL

Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, is the leader of the fairy band. He is the Ariel of *The Midsummer Night's Dream*; and yet as unlike as can be to the Ariel in *The Tempest*. No other poet could have made two such different characters out of the same fanciful materials and situations. Ariel is a minister of retribution who is touched with a sense of pity at the woes he inflicts. Puck is a madcap sprite, full of wantonness and mischief, who laughs at those whom he misleads—"Lord, what fools these mortals be!" Ariel cleaves the air, and executes his mission with the zeal of a winged messenger; Puck is borne along on his fairy errand like the light and glittering gossamer before the breeze. He is indeed a most Epicurean little gentleman, dealing in quaint devices, and faring in dainty delights. Prospero and his world of spirits are a set of moralists; but with Oberon and his fairies we are launched at once into the empire of the butterflies. How beautifully is this race of beings contrasted with the men and women actors in the scene, by a single epithet which Titania gives to the latter, "the human mortals!" It is astonishing that Shakespeare should be considered, not only by foreigners, but by many of our own critics, as a gloomy and heavy writer, who painted nothing but "gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire."

THE PEACE OF DEATH

is only to be as we were before we were
 no one feels any remorse, or regret, or
 in contemplating this last idea. It is
 relief and disburthening of the mind; it
 have been holiday-time with us then;
 not called to appear upon the stage of
 in robes or tatters, to laugh or cry, be
 applauded; we had lain *perdus* all this
 out of harm's way; and had slept out
 ends of centuries without wanting to be
 at peace and free from care, in a long
 a sleep deeper and calmer than that of
 rapped in the softest and finest dust.
 worst that we dread is, after a short,
 erish being, after vain hopes and idle
 ik to final repose again, and forget the
 eam of life. Ye armed men, knights
 at sleep in the stone aisles of that old
 urch, where all is silent above, and
 per silence reigns below (not broken by
 organ), are ye not contented where ye
 ould you come out of your long homes
 : Holy War? Or do ye complain that
 ger visits you, that sickness has done its
 you have paid the last debt to nature,
 ar no more of the thickening phalanx of
 your lady's waning love; and that while
 earth rolls its eternal round, no sound
 pierce through to disturb your lasting
 l as the marble over your tombs, breath-
 grave that holds you! And thou, oh!

thou, to whom my heart turns, and will turn while
it has feeling left, who didst love in vain, and
whose first was thy last sigh, wilt not thou too rest
in peace (or wilt thou cry to me complaining from
thy clay-cold bed) when that sad heart is no longer
sad, and that sorrow is dead which thou wert only
called into the world to feel.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

(1775-1864)

FAMINE

Rhodope. Never shall I forget the morning when my father, sitting in the coolest part of the house, exchanged his last measure of grain for a chlamys of scarlet cloth fringed with silver. He watched the merchant out of the door, and then looked wistfully into the corn chest. I, who thought there was something worth seeing, looked in also, and finding it empty, expressed my disappointment, not thinking, however, about the corn. A faint and transient smile came over his countenance at the sight of mine. He unfolded the chlamys, stretched it out with both hands before me, and then cast it over my shoulders. I looked down on the glittering fringe and screamed with joy. He then went out; and I know not what flowers he gathered, but he gathered many; and some he placed in my bosom, and some in my hair. But I told him with captious pride, first, that I could arrange them better, and again, that I would have only the white. However, when he had selected all the white, and I had placed a few of them according to my fancy, I told him (rising in my slipper) he might crown

me with the remainder. The splendour of my apparel gave me a sensation of authority. Soon as the flowers had taken their station on my head, I expressed a dignified satisfaction at the taste displayed by my father, just as if I could have seen how they appeared! But he knew that there was at least as much pleasure as pride in it, and perhaps we divided the latter (alas! not both) pretty equally. He now took me into the market place, where a concourse of people was waiting for the purchase of slaves. Merchants came and looked at me; some commending, others disparaging; but all agreeing that I was slender and delicate, that I could not live long, and that I should give much trouble. Many would have bought the *chlamys*, but there was something less saleable in the child and flowers.

Æsop. Had thy features been coarse and thy voice rustic, they would all have patted thy cheeks and found no fault in thee.

Rhodope. As it was, every one had bought exactly such another in time past, and been a loser by it. At these speeches I perceived the flowers tremble slightly on my bosom, from my father's agitation. Although he scoffed at them, knowing my healthiness, he was troubled internally, and said many short prayers, not very unlike imprecations, turning his head aside. Proud was I, prouder than ever, when at last several talents were offered for me, and by the very man who in the beginning had undervalued me the most, and prophesied the worst of me. My father scowled at him and refused the money. I thought he was playing a game, and began to wonder what it could be, since I had never seen it played before. Then I fancied it

might be some celebration because plenty had returned to the city, insomuch that my father had bartered the last of the corn he hoarded. I grew more and more delighted at the sport. But soon there advanced an elderly man, who said gravely, "Thou hast stolen this child; her vesture alone is worth above a hundred drachmas. Carry her home again to her parents, and do it directly, or Nemesis and the Eumenides will overtake thee." Knowing the estimation in which my father had always been holden by his fellow-citizens, I laughed again, and pinched his ear. He, although naturally choleric, burst forth into no resentment at these reproaches, but said calmly, "I think I know thee by name, O guest! Surely thou art Xanthus the Samian. Deliver this child from famine."

Again I laughed aloud and heartily; and thinking it was now my part of the game, I held both my arms and protruded my whole body towards the stranger. He would not receive me on my father's neck, but he asked me with ignity and solicitude if I was hungry; at which I laughed again and more than ever; for 'twas early in the morning, soon after the first meal, and my father had nourished me most fully and plentifully in all the days of the year. But Xanthus, waiting for no answer, took out of a sack, which one of his slaves carried on his side, a cake of wheaten bread and a piece of eycomb, and gave them to me. I held the eycomb to my father's mouth, thinking it the most dainty. He dashed it to the ground; and, seizing the bread, he began to devour it voraciously. This also I thought was in play; I clapped my hands at his distortions. But

Xanthus looked on him like one afraid, and smote the cake from him, crying aloud, "Name the price." My father now placed me in his arms, naming a price much below what the other had offered, saying, "The gods are ever with thee, O Xanthus! therefore to thee do I consign my child." But while Xanthus was counting out the silver, my father seized the cake again, which the slave had taken up and was about to replace in the wallet. His hunger was exasperated by the taste and the delay. Suddenly there arose much tumult. Turning round in the old woman's bosom who had received me from Xanthus, I saw my beloved father struggling on the ground, livid and speechless. The more violent my cries, the more rapidly they hurried me away; and many were soon between us. Little was I suspicious that he had suffered the pangs of famine long before; alas! and he had suffered them for me. Do I weep while I am telling you they ended? I could not have closed his eyes, I was too young; but I might have received his last breath, the only comfort of an orphan's bosom. Do you now think him blamable, O Æsop?

LEIGH HUNT

(1784-1859)

THE FURZE ON WIMBLEDON
COMMON

you conceive any covering fitter for the hills
 the sun itself than this magnificent furze, as it
 appears here in England, robing our heaths and
 commons all over the country. It is a golden
 ulation; a foreground, and from some points
 view a middle distance, fit to make the richest
 ever despair; a veritable Field of Cloth of
 Gold. Morning (Aurora, the golden goddess),
 on the dawn is of a fineness to match, must look
 only for beauty on it. Sunset is divine. The
 day goes stretching away in the distance towards
 dark trees, like the rich evening of a poetic life.
 wonder Linnæus, when he came to England
 first beheld this glorious shrub in bloom, fell
 down on his knees, and thanked God that he had
 had to see it. I hardly know which is the more
 picturesque sight, — a fine ruddy-cheeked little
 peasant-boy, not beyond childhood, coming along
 with a wheelbarrow full of this golden furze, his
 head looking like a bud a-top of it; or a bent,

heartly old man carrying off a bunch of it on his back, as if he triumphed over time and youth.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

Wax-lights, though we are accustomed to overlook the fact, and rank them with ordinary commonplaces, are true fairy tapers,—a white metamorphosis from the flowers, crowned with the most intangible of all visible mysteries—fire.

Then there is honey, which a Greek poet would have called the sister of wax,—a thing as beautiful to eat as the other is to look upon; and beautiful to look upon too. What two extraordinary substances to be made, by little winged creatures out of roses and lilies! What a singular and loving energy in nature to impel those little creatures to fetch out the sweet and elegant properties of the coloured fragrances of the gardens, and serve them up to us for food and light! honey to eat and waxen tapers to eat it by! What more graceful repast could be imagined on one of the fairy tables made by Vulcan, which moved of their own accord, and came gliding, when he wanted luncheon, to the side of Apollo! the honey gold as his lyre, and the wax fair as his shoulder. Depend upon it, he has eaten of it many a time chatting with Hebe before some Olympian concert and as he talked in an under-tone, fervid as the bees, the bass-strings of his lyre murmured accompaniment.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

(1785-1859)

WERS that are so pathetic in their beauty, frail
ie clouds, and in their colouring as gorgeous as
heavens, had through thousands of years been
eritage of children—honoured as the jewellery
od only by *them*—when suddenly the voice of
stianity, countersigning the voice of infancy,
d them to a grandeur transcending the Hebrew
e, although founded by God himself, and
ounced Solomon in all his glory not to be
ed like one of these. Winds again, hurricanes,
eternal breathings soft or loud of Æolian power,
efore had they, raving or sleeping, escaped
moral arrest and detention? Simply because
it were to offer a nest for the reception of
; a new moral birth whilst no religion is yet
ing amongst men that can furnish such a birth.
is the image that should illustrate a heavenly
ment, if the sentiment is yet unborn. Then
when it had become necessary to the purposes
spiritual religion that the spirit of man, as the
tain of all religion, should in some com-
surate reflex image have its grandeur and its
eriousness emblazoned, suddenly the pomp and
erious path of winds and tempests, blowing
her they list, and from what fountains no man

knows, are cited from darkness and neglect, to give and to receive reciprocally an impassioned glorification, where the lower mystery enshrines and illustrates the higher. Call for the grandest of all earthly spectacles, what is *that*? It is the sun going to his rest. Call for the grandest of all human sentiments, what is *that*? It is that man should forget his anger before he lies down to sleep. And these two grandeurs, the mighty sentiment and the mighty spectacle, are by Christianity married together.

AN OPIUM DREAM

Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character—a tumultuous dream—commencing with a music such as now I often hear in sleep—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem; and, like that, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams

where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpressible guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded" I lay inactive. Then like a chorus the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempests and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms and the features that were worth all the world to me; and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh such as the caves of hell shed when Sin uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells! And I awoke in struggles I cried aloud, "I will sleep no more!"

THE BURIED CITY

God smote Savannah-la-mar, and in one night, earthquake, removed her with all her towers and population sleeping, from the steadfast foundations of the shore to the coral floors of ocean. God said, "Pompeii did I bury and conceal men through seventeen centuries; this city

I will bury, but not conceal. She shall be a monument to men of my mysterious anger, set in azure light through generations to come; for I will enshrine her in a crystal dome of my tropic seas." This city therefore, like a mighty galleon with all her apparel mounted, streamers flying, and tackling perfect, seems floating along the noiseless depths of ocean; and oftentimes in glassy calms, through the translucid atmosphere of water that now stretches like an air-woven awning above the silent encampment, mariners from every clime look down into her courts and terraces, count her gates, and number the spires of her churches. She is our ample cemetery, and has been for many a year; but, in the mighty calms that brood for weeks over tropic latitudes, she fascinates the eye with a *Fata Morgana* revelation, as of human life still subsisting in submarine asylums sacred from the storms that torment our upper air.

OUR LADIES OF SORROW

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation, Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever which, heard at times as they trotted along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and

depy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, tentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a adam round her head. And I knew by childish emories that she could go abroad upon the winds, hen she heard the sobbing of litanies, or the undering of organs, and when she beheld the ustering of summer clouds. This Sister, the der, it is that carries keys more than papal at her rdle, which open every cottage and every palace. he, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the dside of the blind beggar, him that so often and gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, ght years old, with the sunny countenance, sisted the temptations of play and village mirth travel all day long on dusty roads with her licted father. For this did God send her a eat reward. In the spring time of the year, id whilst yet her own spring was budding, He called her to Himself. But her blind father ourns for ever over her; still he dreams at idnight that the little guiding hand is locked ithin his own; and still he wakens to a darkness at is now within a second and deeper darkness. his *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all is winter of 1844-5 within the bed-chamber of e Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not s pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, id left behind her a darkness not less profound. y the power of the keys it is that Our Lady of ears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chambers : sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, om Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. nd her, because she is the first-born of her house id has the widest empire, let us honour with the le of "Madonna."

The second Sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum* Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears a diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister Madonna oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the heights against heaven, and demanding back her darling. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does sometimes, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate; in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This Sister is the visitor of the Pariah; of the Jew; of the bondsmen to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and blood sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up at the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother

is a stepmother, as he points with the
to the Bible, our general teacher, but
is sealed and sequestered; every woman
darkness, without love to shelter her
hope to illumine her solitude, because the
in instincts kindling in her nature germs
affections, which God implanted in her
bosom, having been stifled by social
a, now burn sullenly to waste, like
d lamps amongst the ancients; every nun
d of her unreturning May-time by wicked
, whom God will judge; every captive in
ungeon; all that are betrayed and all that
ected; outcasts by traditionary law, and
n of hereditary disgrace; all these walk
our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key,
e needs it little, for her kingdom is chiefly
st the tents of Shem, and the houseless
at of every clime. Yet in the very highest
of man she finds chapels of her own; and
in glorious England there are some that, to
world, carry their heads as proudly as the
er, who yet secretly have received her mark
their foreheads.

t the third Sister, who is also the youngest!—
! whisper whilst we talk of *her*! Her
dom is not large, or else no flesh should live;
within that kingdom all power is hers. Her
turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost
d the reach of sight. She droops not; and
yes rising so high *might* be hidden by distance.
being what they are, they cannot be hidden;
gh the treble veil of crape which she wears,
erce light of a blazing misery that rests not
atins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon

of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power, but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest Sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for though coming rarely amongst men, she storms at all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And her name is *Mater Tenebrarum*, our Lady of Darkness.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1785-1866)

THE CIVIC POET

The poetry which was addressed to the people of the dark ages pleased in proportion to the truth with which it depicted familiar images, and to their connexion with the time and place to which were assigned. In the poetry of our enlightenments, the characteristics of all seasons, soils, climates may be blended together, with much credit to the author's fame as an original genius. The cowslip of a civic poet is always in blossom, the rooster is always in full feather; he gathers the primrose, the heath-flower, the pansy, and the chrysanthemum, all on the same ground from the same spot; his nightingale sings the year round, his moon is always full, his snow is as white as his swan, his cedar is as stately as his aspen, and his poplar as verdant as his beech. Thus all nature marches to the march of mind; but, among barbarians, the feast of mead and wine, and the best seat by the fire, the reward of such a genius would have been summarily turned out of doors in the

snow, to meditate on the difference between day and night, and between December and July. It is an age of liberality, indeed, when not to know an oak from a burdock is no disqualification for sylvan minstrelsy.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER

(1785-1860)

THE CHARGE AT ALBUERA

... a gallant line, issuing from the midst of smoke, and rapidly separating itself from the mass and broken multitude, startled the enemy's ranks then augmenting and pressing onwards as an assured victory; they wavered, hesitated, vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily encouraged to enlarge their front, while a fearful charge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed, and the three colonels, Ellis, Blakeney, and Worsley fell wounded, and the fusiliers, lions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships: but suddenly and bravely recovering, they closed on their terrible foes, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult with voice and gesture animate his officers; in vain did the hardest veterans, emerging from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, fiercely striving fire indiscriminately upon

friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order, their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the height. There the French reserve, mixing with the struggling multitude, endeavoured to restore the fight, but only augmented the irremediable disorder, and the mighty mass, giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep; the rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill.

CY BYSSHE SHELLEY

(1792-1822)

DANTE

Milton were both deeply penetrated
cient religion of the civilised world;
exists in their poetry probably in the
tion as its forms survived in the un-
orship of modern Europe. The one
l the other followed the Reformation
qual intervals. Dante was the first
rmer, and Luther surpassed him rather
ess and acrimony than in the boldness
res of papal usurpation. Dante was
kener of entranced Europe; he created
n itself music and persuasion, out of a
harmonious barbarisms. He was the
of those great spirits who presided
urrection of learning; the Lucifer of
flock which in the thirteenth century
rom republican Italy, as from a heaven
kness of the benighted world. His
are instinct with spirit; each is as a
ing atom of inextinguishable thought;
t lie covered in the ashes of their birth,
it with the lightning which has yet

found no conductor. All high poetry is infinite; it is as the first acorn, which contained all oaks potentially. Veil after veil may be undrawn, and the inmost naked beauty of the meaning never exposed. A great poem is a fountain for ever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight; and after one person and one age has exhausted all its divine effluence which their peculiar relations enable them to share, another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and an unconceived delight.

OF POETRY

Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all science and that to which all science must be referred.¹ It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought; it is that from which all spring, and that which adorns all; and that which, if blighted, denies the fruit and the seed, and withholds from the barren world the nourishment and the succession of the scions of the tree of life. It is the perfect and consummate surface and bloom of all things; it is as the odour and the colour of the rose to the texture of the elements that compose it, as the form and splendour of unfaded beauty to the secrets of anatomy and corruption. What were virtue, love, patriotism, friendship — what were the scenery of this beautiful universe which we inhabit — what were our consolations on this side of the grave — and what were our aspirations

¹ Cf. Wordsworth, p. 219.

poetry did not ascend to bring light to those eternal regions where the owl-like calculation dare not ever soar? It is like reasoning, a power to be exerted to the determination of the will. At last it says, "I will compose poetry." The poet even cannot say it; for the mind is as a fading coal, which some invisible power like an inconstant wind awakens to brightness; this power arises from within like the colour of a flower which fades and changes as it is developed, and the conscious portions of our natures are unprophetic either of its approach or its departure. Could this influence be fully able in its original purity and force, it is impossible to predict the greatness of the results; when composition begins, inspiration is already on the decline, and the most glorious poetry that has ever been communicated to the world is but a feeble shadow of the original conception of the poet.

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We care not for evanescent visitations of thought and feeling sometimes associated with place or person, or times regarding our own mind alone, and which are arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, elevating and delightful beyond all expression; it is even in the desire and the regret they leave behind that cannot but be pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is as if there were an interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind passing by the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only as on the wrinkled sands.

which pave it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of most delicate sensibility and the most enlivened imagination; and the state of mind produced in them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions; whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to such experiences as spirits of the most refined organization, but they can colour all that they come in contact with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world. A word, a trait in the representation of a scene, a passion, will touch the enchanted chord, reanimate, in those who have ever experienced these emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the barren image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, in language or in form, sends them forth as messengers to mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joys to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the earth to the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the traditions of the divinity in man.

Poetry turns all things to loveliness; it exalts the beauty of that which is most beautiful, and adds beauty to that which is most deformed; it mingles exultation and horror, grief and pleasure, eternity and change; it subdues to union under its light yoke all irreconcilable things. It transfigures all that it touches, and every form moving within the radiance of its presence is changed by wonder.

an incarnation of the spirit which it
secret alchemy turns to potable gold
s waters which flow from death through
s the veil of familiarity from the world,
e the naked and sleeping beauty, which
of its forms.

THE ENGLISH CEMETERY IN ROME

is a city, as it were, of the dead, or
those who cannot die, and who survive
generations which inhabit and pass over
which they have made sacred to eternity.
At least in the first enthusiasm of your
vision of ancient time, you see nothing of the
city. The nature of the city assists the
vision, for its vast and antique walls describe a
circumference of sixteen miles, and thus the popula-
tion is thinly scattered over this space, nearly as
in London. Wide wild fields are enclosed
by walls, and there are grassy lanes and copses
growing among the ruins, and a great green hill,
barren and bare, which overhangs the Tiber.
The gardens of the modern palaces are like wild
gardens of cedar, and cypress, and pine, and the
paved walks are overgrown with weeds. The
chief burying-place is a green slope near the
base of the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, and is,
without doubt, the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I
have beheld. To see the sun shining on its bright
fresh, when we first visited it, with the
dewy dews, and hear the whispering of the
leaves among the leaves of the trees which have

overgrown the tomb of Cestius, and the soil is stirring in the sun-warm earth, and to many tombs, mostly of women and young people were buried there, one might, if one were to desire the sleep they seem to sleep.

A CATARACT

Imagine a river sixty feet in breadth, with volume of waters, the outlet of a great lake from the higher mountains, falling 300 feet into a deep gulf of snow-white vapour, which bursts ever and for ever, from a circle of black crag thence leaping downwards, makes five or six cataracts, each fifty or a hundred feet high, exhibit on a smaller scale, and with beautiful sublime variety, the same appearances. But (and far less could painting) will not express it. Stand upon the brink of the platform of cliff, is directly opposite. You see the ever-moving stream down. It comes in thick and tawny flakes flaking off like solid snow gliding down the mountain. It does not seem hollow within, without it is unequal, like the folding of a cloth thrown carelessly down; your eye follows it, it is lost below; not in the black rocks which surround it, but in its own foam and spray, cloud-like vapours boiling up from below, which is not like rain, nor mist, nor spray, nor foam, nor water, in a shape wholly unlike anything I have ever seen before. It is as white as snow, but this is impenetrable to the eye. The very imagination is bewildered in it. A thunder comes up from

erful to hear ; for, though it ever sounds,
the same, but, modulated by the changing
es and falls intermittingly ; we passed half
one spot looking at it, and thought but a
tes had gone by.

THOMAS CARLYLE

(1795-1881)

TWO MEN

Two men I honour, and no third. First the toil-worn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

l man I honour, and still more highly ;
 seen toiling for the spiritually indis-
 ot daily bread, but the bread of Life.
 oo in his duty ; endeavouring towards
 rmony ; revealing this, by act or by
 gh all his outward endeavours, be they
 / ? Highest of all, when his outward
 ard endeavour are one ; when we can
 Artist ; not earthly Craftsman only, but
 inker, who with heaven-made Implement
 eaven for us ! If the poor and humble
 e have Food, must not the high and
 l for him in return, that he have Light,
 ance, Freedom, Immortality ? These
 heir degrees, I honour ; all else is chaff
 which let the wind blow whither it

ably touching is it, however, when I find
 ies united ; and he that must toil
 for the lowest of man's wants, is also
 rldly for the highest. Sublimar in this
 / I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could
 nywhere be met with. Such a one will
 back to Nazareth itself ; thou wilt sec
 our of Heaven spring forth from the
 epths of Earth, like a light shining in
 ess.

OF VALOUR

n practical belief a man could have was
 t much more than this : of the *Valkyrs*
all of Odin ; of an inflexible *Destiny* ;
 e one thing needful for a man was *to be*
 ie *Valkyrs* are Choosers of the Slain ;

a Destiny inexorable, which it is useless trying to bend or soften, has appointed who is to be slain; this was a fundamental point for the Norse believer;—as indeed it is for all earnest men everywhere, for a Mahomet, a Luther, for a Napoleon too. It lies at the basis this for every such man; it is the woof out of which his whole system of thought is woven. The *Valkyrs*; and then that these *Choosers* lead the brave to a heavenly *Hall of Odin*; only the base and slavish being thrust elsewhither, into the realms of Hela the Death-goddess; I take this to have been the soul of the whole Norse Belief. They understood in their heart that it was indispensable to be brave; that Odin would have no favour for them, but despise and thrust them out, if they were not brave. Consider too whether there is not something in this! It is an everlasting duty, valid in our day as in that, the duty of being brave. *Valour* is still *value*. The first duty for a man is still that of subduing *Fear*. We must get rid of *Fear*; we cannot act at all till then. A man's acts are slavish, not true but specious; his very thoughts are false, he thinks too as a slave and coward, till he have got *Fear* under his feet. Odin's creed, if we disentangle the real kernel of it, is true to this hour. A man shall and must be valiant; he must march forward, and quit himself like a man,—trusting imperturbably in the appointment and *choice* of the upper Powers; and, on the whole, not fear at all. Now and always, the completeness of his victory over *Fear* will determine how much of a man he is.

OTHERHOOD OF SORROW

lows, call them rather fore-splendours, uth, and Beginning of Truths, fell over my soul. Sweeter than Day-e Shipwrecked in Nova Zembla; ah! her's voice to her little child that strays weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft f celestial music to my too exasperated that Evangel. The Universe is not noniacal, a charnel house with spectres; and my Father's!

er eyes, too, could I now look upon an; with an infinite Love, an infinite r, wandering, wayward man! Art ed, and beaten with stripes, even as I, whether thou bear the royal mantle ar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, en; and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. er, my Brother, why cannot I shelter bosom, and wipe away all tears from -Truly the din of many-voiced Life, is solitude, with the mind's organ, I was no longer a maddening discord, ng one; like inarticulate cries, and a dumb creature, which in the ear of prayers. The poor Earth, with her as now my needy Mother, not my cruel Man, with his so mad Wants and so vours, had become the dearer to me; his sufferings and his sins, I now first Brother. Thus was I standing in the t "*Sanctuary of Sorrow*"; by strange ad I too been guided thither; and ere ed gates would open and the "*Divine row*" lie disclosed to me.

THOMAS BABINGTON
MACAULAY
(1800-1859)

THE PURITAN

THE Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs

of judgment and an immutability of which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in necessary effects of it. The intensity of passion on one subject made them tranquil on all others. One overpowering sentiment had swallowed up itself pity and hatred, ambition and revenge. They had lost its terrors and pleasure its pleasures. They had their smiles and their tears, joys and their sorrows, but not for the world. Enthusiasm had made them clear their minds from every vulgar prejudice, and raised them above the danger of error and of corruption. It sometimes led them to pursue unwise ends, to choose unwise means. They went into the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man with his flail, crushing and trampling down everything in his way, mingling with human beings, but having no sympathy nor lot in human infirmities, insensible to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by reproaches, not to be withstood by any

DEMEANOUR OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

roughness and violence which he showed were to be expected from a man whose nature, naturally gentle, had been long tried by calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, of sleep, by the importunity of creditors, by the opposition of booksellers, by the derision of fools,

by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which was the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred gratification which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedagogue struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural that, though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in school should be harsh and despotic. For severe discipline he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but sufficient relief. But for the suffering which a single word inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no sympathy, for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He would turn his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pain of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous, and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pain of wounded affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery, that he was not affected by paltry vexations; and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to vexations as himself. He was angry with Benjamin for complaining of a headache, with Mrs. B. for grumbling about the dust on the road, and with the cook for the smell of the kitchen. These were, in his opinion, "foppish lamentations," which people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of sorrow. Goldsmith crying because "The Good-natured Man" had failed, inspired him with no sympathy. Though his own health was not good, he despised and despised valetudinarians. Pecuniary

ess they reduced the loser absolutely to beggary, ved him very little. People whose hearts had n softened by prosperity might weep, he said, such events, but all that could be expected of a in man was not to laugh.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE FRENCH INVASION

Young as he was, his ardent and unconquerable rit, though disguised by a cold and sullen inner, soon roused the courage of his dismayed untrymen. It was in vain that both his uncle d the French King attempted by splendid offers seduce him from the cause of the republic. To e States-General he spoke a high and inspiring aguage. He even ventured to suggest a scheme hich has an aspect of antique heroism, and which, it had been accomplished, would have been the blest subject for epic song that is to be found in e whole compass of modern history. He told e deputies that, even if their natal soil and the arvels with which human industry had covered were buried under the ocean, all was not lost. he Hollanders might survive Holland. Liberty d pure religion, driven by tyrants and bigots from urope, might take refuge in the farthest isles of sia. The shipping in the ports of the republic ould suffice to carry two hundred thousand emi- zots to the Indian Archipelago. There the ch commonwealth might commence a new and glorious existence, and might rear, under the hern Cross, amidst the sugar canes and nutmeg s, the Exchange of a wealthier Amsterdam,

and the schools of a more learned Leyden. The national spirit swelled and rose high. The terms offered by the Allies were firmly rejected. The dykes were opened. The whole country was one great lake, from which the cities with their ramparts and steeples rose like islands. The invaders were forced to save themselves from destruction by a precipitate retreat.

THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate; and whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents and in the valour and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting; and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put

to the hazard, and gave orders that all
readiness for passing the river on the

er was passed; and at the close of a
y's march, the army, long after sunset,
quarters in a grove of mango-trees near
within a mile of the enemy. Clive was
sleep; he heard, through the whole
e sound of drums and cymbals from the
p of the Nabob. It is not strange that even
t heart should now and then have sunk,
e reflected against what odds, and for what
, he was in a few hours to contend.

was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more
al. His mind, at once weak and stormy,
stracted by wild and horrible apprehensions.
led by the greatness and nearness of the
, distrusting his captains, dreading every one
approached him, dreading to be left alone,
t gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet
d have said, by the furies of those who had
d him with their last breath in the Black

ie day broke, the day which was to decide
ate of India. At sunrise the army of the
b, pouring through many openings from the
, began to move towards the grove where
nglish lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed
firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows,
ed the plain. They were accompanied by
pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each
d by a long team of white oxen, and each
d on from behind by an elephant. Some
er guns, under the direction of a few French
aries, were perhaps more formidable. The

cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English; and all were led by English officers and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment, which still bears on its colours, amidst many honourable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis*.

The battle commenced with a cannonade, in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valour. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives.

hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were
ed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred
vanquished were slain. But their camp,
guns, their baggage, innumerable waggons,
erable cattle, remained in the power of the
rers. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers
and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an
of nearly sixty thousand men, and subdued
pire larger and more populous than Great
l.

and wear-
the experi-

RSITY

ty miles its
est breadth;
at an angle;
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hope that it excited a
that it took so kindly to
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up and fringe the hills.
writing word to his em-
air, of which I have spoken,
led and subdued, the colours
y had a softness and harmony,
ss, which in a picture looks
fter all within the truth. He
that same delicate and brilliant
ed up the pale olive, till the

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN
(1801-1890)

THE IMMORTAL CLASSICS

LET us consider too, how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply; which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation, for thousands of years with a power over the mind, and a charm which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival. Perhaps this is the reason of the mediæval opinion about Virgil, as of a prophet or a magician; his single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines, giving utterance, as

oice of Nature herself, to that pain and weary-
yet hope of better things, which is the experi-
of her children in every time.

THE SITE OF A UNIVERSITY

confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its
est length and thirty its greatest breadth;
elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle;
prominent mountains, commanding the plain,
urnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; an unsatis-
ry soil; some streams, not always full; such
out the report which the agent of a London
any would have made of Attica. He would
t that the climate was mild; the hills were
tone; there was plenty of good marble; more
re land than at first survey might have been
cted, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats;
ies productive; silver mines once, but long
worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate; olives in
sion. But what he would not think of noting
1, was, that that olive-tree was so choice in
e and so noble in shape that it excited a
ious veneration; and that it took so kindly to
light soil, as to expand into woods upon the
plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills.
would not think of writing word to his em-
ers how that clear air, of which I have spoken,
ght out, yet blended and subdued, the colours
e marble, till they had a softness and harmony,
all their richness, which in a picture looks
gerated, yet is after all within the truth. He
d not tell how that same delicate and brilliant
sphere freshened up the pale olive, till the

olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or beech of the Umbrian hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees; nor take much account of the rare flavour of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Ægean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands, which starting from the Sunian headland seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea; but that fancy would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those graceful fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear, in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves, keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery, as they resound upon the hollow shore,—he would not deign to notice that restless living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct detail, nor the refined colouring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otus or Laurium by the declining sun;—our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student, come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine, where he might take his

izing on those emblems and coruscations
le unoriginate perfection. It was the
from a remote province, from Britain or
ritania, who in a scene so different from
is chilly woody swamps, or of his fiery
sands, learned at once what a real Uni-
ust be, by coming to understand the sort
y which was its suitable home.

THE SORROWFUL WORLD

g then with the being of a God (which,
e said, is as certain to me as the certainty
n existence, though when I try to put the
of that certainty into logical shape I find
y in doing so in mood and figure to my
n,) I look out of myself into the world
nd there I see a sight which fills me with
le distress. The world seems simply to
ie to that great truth, of which my whole
so full; and the effect upon me is, in
ice, as a matter of necessity, as confusing
lenied that I am in existence myself. If

into a mirror and did not see my face,
have the sort of feeling which actually
on me when I look into this living busy
d see no reflexion of its Creator. This
; one of those great difficulties of this
primary truth, to which I referred just
ere it not for this voice, speaking so
my conscience and my heart, I should be
t, or a pantheist, or a polytheist when I
to the world. I am speaking for myself
d I am far from denying the real force of

the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society and the course of history; but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations, and mourning, and woe."

GEORGE BORROW

(1803-1881)

THE POWER OF DARKNESS

After taking such refreshment as the place afforded, we pursued our way till we were within a quarter of a league of the huts which stand on the edge of the savage wilderness we had before reached. Here we were overtaken by a horseman; was a powerful, middlesized man, and was mounted on a noble Spanish horse; at his saddle he slung a formidable gun. He inquired if I intended to pass the night at Vendas Novas, and on my replying in the affirmative, he said that he would avail himself of our company. He now rode towards the sun, whose disk was rapidly sinking beneath the horizon, and entreated us to go on and make the most of its light, for that the country was a horrible place in the dusk. He placed himself at our head, and we trotted briskly on, followed by a boy, or muleteer, who attended us running along without exhibiting the slightest symptom of fatigue.

We entered upon the moor, and had advanced about a mile when dark night fell around us. We were in a wild path, with high brushwood on either

side, when the rider said that he could not confront the darkness, and begged me to ride on before, and he would follow after; I could hear him trembling. I asked the reason of his terror, and he replied that at one time darkness was the same thing to him as day, but that of late years he dreaded it, especially in wild places. I complied with his request, but I was ignorant of the way, and, as I could scarcely see my hand, was continually going wrong. This made the man impatient, and he again placed himself at our head. We proceeded so for a considerable way, when he again stopped, and said that the power of the darkness was too much for him. His horse seemed to be infected with the same panic, for it shook in every limb. I now told him to call on the name of the Lord, who was able to turn the darkness into light; but he gave a terrible shout, and, brandishing his gun aloft, discharged it in the air. His horse sprang forward at full speed, and my mule, which was one of the swiftest of its kind, took fright and followed at the heels of the charger. On we flew like a whirlwind, the hoofs of the animals illuming the path with the sparks of fire they struck from the stones. I knew not whither we were going, but the dumb creatures were acquainted with the way, and soon brought us to Vendas Novas, where we were rejoined by our companions.

I thought this man was a coward, but I did him injustice, for during the day he was as brave as a lion and feared no one. About five years since he had overcome two robbers who had attacked him on the moors, and after tying their hands behind them, had delivered them up to justice; but at night the rustling of a leaf filled him with terror.

have known similar instances of the kind in
sons of otherwise extraordinary resolution. For
self, I confess I am not a person of extra-
inary resolution, but the dangers of the night
nt me no more than those of midday.

HARRIET MARTINEAU

(1802-1876)

SAMUEL ROGERS

"ROGERS amusing and sarcastic as usual;"—this note of Moore's may stand as the general description of him by those who hoped, each for himself, to propitiate the cynic. As age advanced upon him, the admixture of the generous and the malignant in him became more singular. A footman robbed him of a large quantity of plate; and of a kind which was inestimable to him. He was incensed, and desired never to hear of the fellow more,—the man having absconded. Not many months afterwards, Rogers was paying the passage to New York of the man's wife and family—somebody having told him that that family junction might afford a chance of the man's reformation. Such were his deeds at the very time that his tongue was dropping verjuice, and his wit was sneering behind backs at a whole circle of old friends and hospitable entertainers. Such was the curious human problem offered to the analyst of character, and such is the needful explanation of the mixed character of client and patron which Rogers sustained to the last.

celebrated literary breakfasts will not be during the generation of those who en-
them. They became at last painful when
a man's memory failed while his causticity
did. His hold on life was very strong. He
was an authority on the incidents of the
trial, and who was in Fox's room when
dying—he, who saw George III. a young
man growing into manhood when Johnson
in the Hebrides, survived for several years
run over by a cab of the construction of
the middle of the nineteenth century. His poetry
scarcely be said to live as long as himself,
rather the illustrations with which it was
than the verse itself that kept his volumes
and within view. The elegance and
beauty of his verse are beyond question; but
other and more substantial qualities of true
poetry will hardly be recognised there. It should
be remembered that there is a piece of prose
of his of which Mackintosh said that
"it could not improve the thoughts nor
the language." That gem is the piece
on assassination¹ in his *Italy*.

Johnson is to be judged by his writings, let it
be such fragments as that little essay; if further,
deeds rather than his words. So may we
retain the fairest remembrance of the last
Mæcenas, and the only man among us,
who has illustrated in his own person the
at once of patron and of client.

¹ See p. 198.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL
OF BEACONSFIELD
(1804-1881)

THE GENIUS OF JUDAISM

FAVoured by nature we still remain ; but in exact proportion as we have been favoured by nature we have been persecuted by man. After a thousand struggles—after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled—deeds of divine patriotism that Athens and Sparta and Carthage have never excelled—we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery ; during which every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the Pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public ; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon and wept. They record our triumphs ; they solace our afflictions. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies ; we were permitted only by

meet even in our temples. But the and creative genius that is the nearest unity, and which no human tyranny can enough it can divert it; that should have hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, ed senates by its burning eloquence, has medium for its expression, to which, in our prejudices and your evil passions, you obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the ring with combinations—the imagination th picture and emotion, that came from and which we have preserved unpolluted ndowed us with almost the exclusive of music; that science of harmonious ich the ancients recognised as most divine, d in the person of their most beautiful

JOHN STUART MILL

(1806-1873)

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

It will not be denied by anybody, that originality is a valuable element in human affairs. There is always need of persons not only to discover new truths and point out when what were once truths are true no longer, but also to commence new practices, and set the example of more enlightened conduct and better taste and sense in human life. This cannot well be gainsaid by anybody who does not believe that the world has already attained perfection in all its ways and practices. It is true that this benefit is not capable of being rendered by everybody alike: there are but few persons, in comparison with the whole of mankind, whose experiments, if adopted by others, would be likely to be any improvement on established practice. But these few are the salt of the earth; without them, human life would become a stagnant pool. Not only is it they who introduce good things which did not before exist; it is they who keep the life in those which already exist. If there were nothing new to be done, would human intellect cease to be necessary? Would it be a reason why

ose who do the old things should forget why they are done, and do them like cattle, not like human beings? There is only too great a tendency the best beliefs and practices to degenerate into the mechanical; and unless there were a succession of persons whose ever-recurring originality prevents the grounds of those beliefs and practices from becoming merely traditional, such dead matter would not resist the smallest shock from anything really alive, and there would be no reason why civilisation could not die out, as in the Byzantine Empire.

Persons of genius, it is true, are, and are always likely to be, a small minority; but in order to have them, it is necessary to preserve the soil in which they grow. Genius can only breathe freely in an atmosphere of freedom. Persons of genius are more individual than any other people—less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of the small number of moulds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character. If from timidity they consent to be forced into one of these moulds, and to let all that part of themselves which cannot expand under the pressure remain unexpanded, society will be little the better for their genius. If they are of a strong character, and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace, to point out with solemn warning as “wild,” “erratic,” and the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagara river for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal.

I insist thus emphatically on the importance of genius and the necessity of allowing it to unfold

itself freely both in thought and practice, being well aware that no one will deny the position in theory, but knowing also that almost every one, in reality, is totally indifferent to it. People think genius a fine thing if it enables a man to write an exciting poem, or paint a picture. But in its true sense, that of originality in thought and action, though no one says that it is not a thing to be admired, nearly all, at heart, think that they can do very well without it. Unhappily this is too natural to be wondered at. Originality is the one thing which unoriginal minds cannot feel the use of. They cannot see what it is to do for them; how should they? If they could see what it would do for them, it would not be originality. The first service which originality has to render them, is that of opening their eyes; which being once fully done, they would have a chance of being themselves original. Meanwhile, recollecting that nothing was ever yet done which some one was not the first to do, and that all good things which exist are the fruits of originality, let them be modest enough to believe that there is something still left for it to accomplish, and assure themselves that they are more in need of originality, the less they are conscious of the want.

ELIZABETH GASKELL

(1810-1865)

SMALL ECONOMIES

then noticed that almost every one has his individual small economies—careful habits of frugality, of saving pennies in some one peculiar direction—any disturbance of which annoys him. An old gentleman of my acquaintance, who took the intelligence of the failure of a Joint-Stock Bank, in which some of his money was invested, with stoical mildness, showed his family all through a long summer's vacation one of them had torn (instead of cutting out) the written leaves of his now useless book; of course the corresponding pages at the other end came out as well, and this little unnecessary paper (his private economy) chafed him in all the loss of his money. Envelopes grieved his soul terribly when they first came in; the way in which he could reconcile himself to the waste of his cherished article was by turning inside out all that were sent to him, so making them serve again. Even now, aged and lame by age, I see him casting wistful

glances at his daughters when they send a whole inside of a half-sheet of note-paper, with the three lines of acceptance to an invitation, written on only one of the sides. I am not above owning that I have this human weakness myself. String is my foible. My pockets get full of little hanks of it, picked up and twisted together, ready for uses that never come. I am seriously annoyed if any one cuts the string of a parcel instead of patiently and faithfully undoing it fold by fold. How people can bring themselves to use indiarubber rings, which are a sort of deification of string, as lightly as they do, I cannot imagine. To me an indiarubber ring is a precious treasure. I have one which is not new—one that I picked up off the floor nearly six years ago. I have really tried to use it, but my heart failed me, and I could not commit the extravagance.

Small pieces of butter grieve others. They cannot attend to conversation because of the annoyance occasioned by the habit which some people have of invariably taking more butter than they want. Have you not seen the anxious look (almost mesmeric) which such persons fix on the article? They would feel it a relief if they might bury it out of sight by popping it into their own mouths and swallowing it down; and they are really made happy if the person on whose plate it lies unused suddenly breaks off a piece of toast (which he does not want at all) and eats up his butter. They think that this is not waste.

Now Miss Matty Jenkyns was chary of candles. We had many devices to use as few as possible. In the winter afternoons she would sit knitting for two or three hours—she could do this in the dark,

—and when I asked if I might not
les to finish stitching my wrist-bands,
“keep blind man’s holiday.” They
brought in with tea; but we only
a time. As we lived in constant
or a friend who might come in any
who never did), it required some
o keep our two candles of the same
to be lighted, and to look as if we
ways. The candles took it in turns;
r we might be talking about or doing,
s eyes were habitually fixed upon the
to jump up and extinguish it and to
r before they had become too uneven
e restored to equality in the course of

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE

THACKERAY

(1811-1862)

WATERLOO

ALL that day, from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honour.

ds took their share and fought like
at field. All day long, whilst the
raying ten miles away, the lines of
English infantry were receiving and
rious charges of the French horse-
which were heard at Brussels were
eir ranks, and comrades falling, and
avors closing in. Towards evening
the French, repeated and resisted
kened in its fury. They had other
British to engage, or were preparing
. It came at last; the columns of
uard marched up the hill of Saint
and at once to sweep the English
which they had maintained all day,
ll, unscared by the thunder of the
hurled death from the English line
ling column pressed on and up the
d almost to crest the eminence, when
e and falter. Then it stopped, still

Then at last the English troops
post from which no enemy had been
them, and the Guard turned and fled.
ring was heard at Brussels—the
niles away. Darkness came down
city; and Amelia was praying for
was lying on his face, dead, with a
his heart.

RCHEZ LA FEMME

l sorts of motives which carry them
and are driven into acts of desperation,
distinction, from a hundred different

causes. I have asked about men in my own company (new drafts of poor country boys were perpetually coming over to us during the war, brought from the ploughshare to the sword), and found that a half of them under the flags were driven thither on account of a woman. What can the sons of Adam and Eve expect, but to continue in that course of love and trouble their father and mother set out on? Oh my grandson! I am drawing nigh to the end of that period of my history when I was acquainted with the great world of England and Europe; my years are past the Hebrew poet's limit, and I say unto thee, all my troubles and joys too, for that matter, have come from a woman; as thine will when thy destined course begins. 'Twas a woman that made a soldier of me, that set me intriguing afterwards; I believe I would have spun smocks for her had she so bidden me; what strength I had in my head I would have given her; hath not every man in his degree had his Omphale and Delilah? Mine befooled me on the banks of the Thames, and in dear old England; thou mayest find thine own by Rappahannoc.

To please that woman, then, I tried to distinguish myself as a soldier, and afterwards as a wit and a politician; as to please another I would have put on a black cassock and a pair of bands, and had done so but that a superior fate intervened to defeat that project. And I say I think the world is like Captain Esmond's company I spoke of anon; and could you see veery man's career in life, you would find a woman dogging him; or clinging round his march and stopping him; or cheering him and goading him; or beckoning him out of her

it so that he goes up to her, and leaves the
to be run without him; or bringing him the
and saying "Eat"; or fetching him the daggers
hispering "Kill! yonder lies Duncan and a
s, and an opportunity."

THE POOR BRETHREN

ention has been made once or twice in the
e of this history of the Grey Friars School,—
e the Colonel and Clive and I had been brought
an ancient foundation of the time of James I.,
subsisting in the heart of London city. The
-day of the founder of the place is still kept
mnly by Cistercians. In their chapel, where
mble the boys of the school, and the fourscore
men of the hospital, the founder's tomb stands,
uge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decora-
s and clumsy carved allegories. There is an
Hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture
James's time,—an old Hall? many old halls;
staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated
h old portraits, walking in the midst of which
walk, as it were, in the early seventeenth
tury. To others than Cistercians Grey Friars
dreary place possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils
cated there love to revisit it; and the oldest of
grow young again for an hour or two as we
ne back into those scenes of childhood.

The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of
ember, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy
ll recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris*
stri, and upon other subjects; and a goodly
pany of old Cistercians is generally brought

together to attend this oration: after which we go to chapel and hear a sermon, after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats with smug fresh faces, and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches, the chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays tomorrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen pensioners of the Hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight—the old reverend blackgowns. Is Codd Ajax alive? you wonder—the Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen Codd's, I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive, I wonder?

the Soldier? or kind old Codd Gentleman, the graves closed over them? A plenty of lights up this chapel, and this scene of age and early memories, and pompous death. Solemn the well-remembered prayers are, uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and pure the rite; how noble the ancient words of applications which the priest utters, and to generations of fresh children and troops of the seniors have cried Amen under those! The service for Founder's Day is a simple one; one of the psalms selected being the seventh, and we hear—

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way. Though he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord hath caught him with his hand.

"I have been young and now am old, yet have I not been the righteous forsaken, nor his seed beggar and needy."

When we came to this verse, I chanced to look up my book towards the swarm of black-coated gentlemen; and amongst them—amongst them—Thomas Newcome.

His dear old head was bent down over his book; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. His Order of the Bath shone on his breast. He stood there amongst the Brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered by Heaven's decree; to this almshouse! it was ordained that a life all love, and peace, and honour, should end! I heard no

more of prayers, and psalms, and sermon :
that. How dared I to be in a place of mark,
he, he yonder among the poor ? Oh, pardon,
noble soul ! I ask forgiveness of you for being
a world that has so treated you—you my be
you the honest, and gentle, and good ! I thought
the service would never end, or the organ
voluntaries, or the preacher's homily.

...the first-born were slain of old,

JOHN BRIGHT

(1811-1889)

THE ANGEL OF DEATH

LL not say one word here about the state of army in the Crimea, or one word about its resources or its condition. Every Member of this House, every inhabitant of this country, has been incessantly harrowed with details regarding it. In my solemn belief, thousands—nay, scores of thousands of persons—have retired to rest, night after night, whose slumbers have been disturbed or whose dreams have been based upon the sufferings and agonies of our soldiers in the Crimea. I cannot but notice that an uneasy feeling exists as to the news which may arrive by the very next mail from the East. I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea; but I am in that many homes in England in which there exists a fond hope that the distant one may never return—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you almost hear the beating of his wings. There is one, as when the first-born were slain of old,

to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.

CHARLES DICKENS

(1813-1870)

A CHILD'S PERSPECTIVE

First objects that assume a distinct presence to me, as I look far back, into the blank of my infancy, are my mother with her pretty hair and oval shape, and Peggotty, with no shape at all, and eyes so dark that they seemed to darken their neighbourhood in her face, and cheeks and lips so hard and red that I wondered the birds would peck her in preference to apples.

There comes out of the cloud, our house—not so new to me, but quite familiar, in its earliest remembrance. On the ground-floor is Peggotty's room opening into a back yard; with a pigeon-hole on a pole, in the centre, without any pigeons; a great dog-kennel in a corner, without any dog; and a quantity of fowls that look terribly tall and walking about in a menacing and ferocious manner. There is one cock who gets upon a post outside, and seems to take particular notice of me when I look at him through the kitchen window; who, when I see him shiver, he is so fierce. Of the geese that come from the side-gate who come waddling after me with their long necks stretched out when I go that

way, I dream at night; as a man environed by wild beasts might dream of lions.

Here is a long passage—what an enormous perspective I make of it!—leading from Peggotty's kitchen to the front-door. A dark store-room opens out of it, and that is a place to be run past at night; for I don't know what may be among those tubs and jars and old tea-chests, when there is nobody in there with a dimly burning light letting a mouldy air come out at the door, in which there is the smell of soap, pickles, pepper, candles, and coffee, all at one whiff. Then there are the two parlours; the parlour in which we sit of an evening, my mother and I and Peggotty—for Peggotty is quite our companion, when her work is done and we are alone—and the best parlour where we sit on a Sunday; grandly, but not so comfortably. There is something of a doleful air about that room to me, for Peggotty has told me—I don't know when, but apparently ages ago—about my father's funeral, and the company having their black cloaks put on. One Sunday night my mother reads to Peggotty and me in there, how Lazarus was raised up from the dead. And I am so frightened that they are afterwards obliged to take me out of bed, and show me the quiet churchyard out of the bedroom window, with the dead all lying in their graves at rest, below the solemn moon.

There is nothing half so green that I know anywhere, as the grass of that churchyard; nothing half so shady as its trees; nothing half so quiet as its tombstones. The sheep are feeding there, when I kneel up, early in the morning, in my little bed in a closet within my mother's room, to look out at it; and I see the red light shining on the sun-

think within myself, "Is the sun-dial under, that it can tell the time again?" Our pew in the church. What a high-w! With a window near it, out of which house can be seen, and is seen many on the morning's service by Peggotty, to make herself as sure as she can that she is not being robbed, or is not in flames. But Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much like mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand there, that I am to look at the clergyman. I don't always look at him—I know him by that white thing on, and I am afraid of his face, why I stare so, and perhaps stopping to inquire—and what am I do? It's a thing to gape, but I must do something, like my mother, but *she* pretends not to see him look at a boy in the aisle, and *he* makes a mistake. I look at the sunlight coming in at the door through the porch, and there I see a sinner—I don't mean a sinner, but mutton—coming up his mind to come into the church, and if I looked at him any longer, I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would come of me then! I look up at the tablets on the wall, and try to think of the names of the persons late of this parish, and what the names of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when she was here, long time Mr. Bodgers bore, and when they were in vain. I wonder whether they were in vain. Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain; and if he likes to be reminded of it once a week. I wonder Mr. Chillip, in his Sunday neck-cloth, and spit; and think what a good place it is to play in, and what a castle it would

make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up; and from hearing the clergyman singing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing, until I fall off the seat with a crash, and am taken out, more dead than alive, by Peggotty.

MRS. BAGNET'S BIRTHDAY

A great annual occasion has come round in the establishment of Mr. Joseph Bagnet, otherwise Lignum Vitæ, ex-artillery-man and present bassoon-player. An occasion of feasting and festival. The celebration of a birthday in the family.

It is not Mr. Bagnet's birthday. Mr. Bagnet merely distinguishes that epoch in the musical instrument business by kissing the children with an extra smack before breakfast, smoking an additional pipe after dinner, and wondering towards evening what his poor old mother is thinking about it,—a subject of infinite speculation, and rendered so by his mother having departed this life twenty years. Some men rarely revert to their father, but seem, in the bank-books of their remembrance, to have transferred all the stock of filial affection into their mother's name. Mr. Bagnet is one of these. Perhaps his exalted appreciation of the merits of the old girl causes him usually to make the noun-substantive Goodness of the feminine gender.

It is not the birthday of one of the three children. Those occasions are kept with some marks of distinction, but they rarely overleap the bounds of

and a pudding. On young Wool-
hday, Mr. Bagnet certainly did,
on his growth and general advance-
ment a moment of profound reflection
wrought by time, to examine him-
self; accomplishing with extreme
questions number one and two, What
and Who gave you that name? but
the exact precision of his memory,
for number three, the question And
is that name? which he propounded
its importance, in itself so edifying
as to give it quite an orthodox air.
was a speciality on that particular
at a general solemnity. The girl's
birthday; and that is the
most and reddest-letter day in Mr.
Bagnet's life. The auspicious event is always
according to certain forms, settled
by Mr. Bagnet some years since.
being deeply convinced that to have a
good dinner is to attain the highest
luxury, invariably goes forth him-
self in the morning of this day to buy a
cock, invariably, taken in by the vendor,
the possession of the oldest inhabit-
ant in Europe. Returning with
his toughness tied up in a clean blue
handkerchief (essential to the
business) he in a casual manner invites Mrs.
Bagnet at breakfast what she would like
for dinner. Mrs. Bagnet, by a coincidence never
failing, Mr. Bagnet instantly
draws from a place of concealment,
with amazement and rejoicing. He

further requires that the old girl shall do nothing all day long, but sit in her very best gown, and be served by himself and the young people. As he is not illustrious for his cookery, this may be supposed to be a matter of state rather than enjoyment on the old girl's part; but she keeps her state with all imaginable cheerfulness.

On this present birthday, Mr. Bagnet has accomplished the usual preliminaries. He has bought two specimens of poultry, which, if there be any truth in adages, were certainly not caught with chaff, to be prepared for the spit; he has amazed and rejoiced the family by their unlooked-for production; he is himself directing the roasting of the poultry; and Mrs. Bagnet, with her wholesome brown fingers itching to prevent what she sees going wrong, sits in her gown of ceremony, an honoured guest.

Quebec and Malta lay the cloth for dinner, while Woolwich serving, as beseems him, under his father, keeps the fowls revolving. To these young scullions Mrs. Bagnet occasionally imparts a wink, or a shake of the head, or a crooked face, as they make mistakes.

"At half-after one." Says Mr. Bagnet. "To the minute. They'll be done."

Mrs. Bagnet with anguish, beholds one of them at a standstill before the fire, and beginning to burn.

"You shall have a dinner, old girl," says Mr. Bagnet, "fit for a queen."

Mrs. Bagnet shows her white teeth cheerfully, but to the perception of her son betrays so much uneasiness of spirit, that he is impelled by the dictates of affection to ask her, with his eyes, what is the matter?—thus standing, with his eyes wide

ore oblivious of the fowls than before, and ding the least hope of a return to consciousness. Fortunately his elder sister perceives the agitation in Mrs. Bagnet's breast, and admonitory poke recalls him. The stopped ping round again, Mrs. Bagnet closes her the intensity of her relief.

her conversation is prevented for the time, by ernessity under which Mr. Bagnet finds him- directing the whole force of his mind to the which is a little endangered by the dry of the fowls in not yielding any gravy, and the made gravy acquiring no flavour, and out of a flaxen complexion. With a perverseness, the potatoes crumble off forks process of peeling, upheaving from their in every direction, as if they were subject to rakes. The legs of the fowls too, are longer ald be desired, and extremely scaly. Over- these disadvantages to the best of his Mr. Bagnet at last dishes, and they sit table; Mrs. Bagnet occupying the guest's his right hand.

well for the old girl that she has but one y in a year, for two such indulgences in might be injurious. Every kind of finer and ligament that is in the nature of poultry ess is developed in these specimens in the form of guitar-strings. Their limbs appear struck roots into their breasts and bodies, trees strike roots into the earth. Their so hard as to encourage the idea that they ave devoted the greater part of their long luous lives to pedestrian exercises and the of matches. But Mr. Bagnet, unconscious

of these little defects, sets his heart on Mrs. Bagnet eating a most severe quantity of the delicacies before her; and as that good old girl would not cause him a moment's disappointment on any day, least of all on such a day, for any consideration, she imperils her digestion fearfully. How young Woolwich cleans the drumsticks without being of ostrich descent, his anxious mother is at a loss to understand.

The old girl has another trial to undergo after the conclusion of the repast, in sitting in state to see the room cleared; the hearth swept, and the dinner-service washed up and polished in the back yard. The great delight and energy with which the two young ladies apply themselves to these duties, turning up their skirts in imitation of their mother, and skating in and out on little scaffolds of pattens, inspire the highest hopes for the future, but some anxiety for the present. The same causes lead to confusion of tongues, a clattering of crockery, a rattling of tin mugs, a whisking of brooms, and an expenditure of water, all in excess; while the saturation of the young ladies themselves is almost too moving a spectacle for Mrs. Bagnet to look upon with the calmness proper to her position. At last the various cleansing processes are triumphantly completed; Quebec and Malta appear in fresh attire, smiling and dry; pipes, tobacco, and something to drink, are placed upon the table; and the old girl enjoys the first peace of mind she ever knows on the day of this delightful entertainment.

ARD WILLIAM CHURCH (1815-1890)

THE EARLY OTTOMANS

ry of the early Ottomans has been most y told, and much still remains dark and in the features which distinguish in its at strange and mighty race from its ribes. It is a history, in the main, of and unscrupulous conquest, like that of cessful barbarians of Europe and Asia. em to discern, even from the beginning, nts of special interest. We seem to in it the remarkable history of a single adually gathering round itself the materials ambition; and shaping a people and a support it, out of heterogeneous elements, orming power and spirit of one household. It is an advance of which the earlier e as slow and gradual as its subsequent idenly became gigantic. It is a story of nce and resolution; of an ambition which, it of most barbarians, was not in a hurry, keep its object in view, and devise the its achievement, without restlessness and weariness. It was content to work by

degrees, and without losing sight of the highest prizes, was satisfied with smaller ones, while they were proportionate to its strength. And among the institutions of which the foundations were early laid, as the permanent supports of the greatness which it meditated, one was at once the most original, the most terrible, and, for the time, the most effective that is to be found recorded among the inventions of deep craft and heartless love of power, of which history is full. The Ottomans found the art of borrowing their strength systematically, and from the very first, from the races they were subduing; of forcing into their own service, and moulding to their own purpose, the promise and energy which was their natural antagonist. Their history is one at first of few disasters, so cautious and so steadily provident, even while they were most enterprising, were these builders of a new empire. A reverse did come at length, unexpected and crushing. It retarded for some score of years their ambition; but it neither broke up their institutions, nor dismayed their spirit, nor turned aside their purposes, nor in the end crippled their power. It is a painful, but it is an instructive lesson, to compare their stout and persevering course, so wisely compliant to circumstances, but so inflexible in its ultimate direction, their imperious and exacting urgency in the opportunities of success, their self-restraint when it was the time to wait or pause, with the short-sightedness, the despair, the worn-out and spiritless imbecility, the random efforts, of those whom they were menacing. Thus, at length, Christianity was beaten down, the remains of ancient civilisation swept away, and

promise of that to come destroyed, .
 ing burst of barbarian ravage, but by
 and uncongenial to Europe, which
 attained its maturity and secured its
 nce; religious in its groundwork of ideas
 ns, with a religion bitterly hostile to all
 s sacred in Europe; purely and fixedly
 y in its organisation and aims, as well as its
 and habits. No glimmering of political life
 ught, no dim image of civil rights or duties,
 gave hope, while the Ottomans were rising to
 ess, that they would grádually open from the
 and tempers of their ancestral deserts to the
 r manners, the wider thoughts, the nobler
 ts, the wiser and more equal laws, by which
 nations can be preserved from corruption and

There was no germ of improvement in
 institutions, yet they succeeded in raising on
 institutions a great and mighty monarchy,
 , with all its inherent seeds of ruin, has
 y stood the wear of four centuries.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

(1816-1855)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

HEATHCLIFF, indeed, stands unredeemed; never once swerving in his arrow-straight course to perdition, from the time when "the little black-haired swarthy thing, as dark as if it came from the Devil," was first unrolled out of the bundle and set on its feet in the farm-house kitchen, to the hour when Nelly Dean found the grim, stalwart corpse laid on its back in the panel-enclosed bed, with wide-gazing eyes that seemed "to sneer at her attempt to close them, and parted lips and sharp white teeth that sneered too."

Whether it is right or advisable to create beings like Heathcliff, I do not know; I scarcely think it is. But this I know: the writer who possesses the creative gift owns something of which he is not always master — something that, at times, strangely wills and works for itself. He may lay down rules and devise principles, and to rules and principles it will perhaps for years lie in subjection; and then, haply without any warning of revolt, there comes a time when it will no longer consent to "harrow the valleys, or be bound with a band in

"—when it "laughs at the multitude of
 id regards not the crying of the driver"
 refusing absolutely to make ropes out of
 ny longer, it sets to works on statue-
 d you have a Pluto or a Jove, a
 or a Psyche, a Mermaid or a Madonna,
 Inspiration direct. Be the work grim
 , dread or divine, you have little choice
 quiescent adoption. As for you—the
 rist—your share in it has been to work
 under dictates you neither delivered nor
 ion—that would not be uttered at your
 suppressed nor changed at your caprice.
 ult be attractive, the World will praise
 little deserve praise; if it be repulsive,
 World will blame you, who almost as
 ve blame.

ering Heights" was hewn in a wild
 with simple tools, out of homely

The statuary found a granite block on
 moor; gazing thereon, he saw how from
 night be elicited a head, savage, swart,
 form moulded with at least one element
 ar—power. He wrought with a rude
 l from no model but the vision of his
 s. With time and labour, the crag took
 pe; and there it stands colossal, dark,
 ng, half statue, half rock; in the former
 ble and goblin-like; in the latter, almost
 for its colouring is of mellow grey, and
 moss clothes it; and heath, with its
 ells and balmy fragrance, grows faithfully
 e giant's foot.

FOREBODING

The sun passes the equinox ; the days shorten, the leaves grow sere ; but—he is coming.

Frosts appear at night ; November has sent his fogs in advance ; the wind takes its Autumn moan ; but—he is coming.

The skies hang full and dark—a rack sails from the west ; the clouds cast themselves into strange forms—arches and broad radiations ; there rise resplendent mornings—glorious, royal, purple as monarch in his state ; the heavens are one flame ; so wild are they, they rival battle at its thickest—so bloody, they shame Victory in her pride. I know some signs of the sky ; I have noted them ever since childhood. God, watch that sail ! O guard it !

The wind shifts to the west. Peace, peace, Banshee—keening at every window ! It will rise—it will swell—it shrieks out long ; wander as I may through the house this night, I cannot lull the blast. The advancing hours make it strong ; by midnight, all sleepless watchers hear and fear a wild south-west storm.

That storm roared frenzied for seven days. It did not cease till the Atlantic was strewn with wrecks ; it did not lull till the deeps had gorged their full of sustenance. Not till the destroying angel of tempest had achieved his perfect work, would he fold the wings whose waft was thunder—the tremor of whose plumes was storm.

Peace, be still ! O ! a thousand weepers, pray.

agony on waiting shores, listened for that
but it was not uttered—not uttered till,
the hush came, some could not feel it;
when the sun returned, his light was night
;!

GEORGE ELIOT

(1819-1880)

A LOCKED CHAMBER

THE blinds of this chamber were always down except once a quarter, when Martha entered that she might air and clean it. She always asked Mr. Gilfil for the key, which he kept locked up in his bureau, and returned it to him when she had finished her task.

It was a touching sight that the daylight streamed in upon, as Martha drew aside the blinds and thick curtains, and opened the Gothic casement of the oriel window! On the little dressing-table there was a dainty looking-glass in a carved and gilt frame; bits of wax-candle were still in the branched sockets at the sides, and on one of these branches hung a little black lace kerchief; a faded satin pincushion, with the pins rusted in it, a scent-bottle, and a large green fan, lay on the table; and on a dressing-box by the side of the glass was a work-basket and an unfinished baby-cap, yellow with age, lying in it. Two gowns, of a fashion long forgotten, were hanging on nails against the door, and a pair of tiny red slippers, with a bit of tarnished silver embroidery on them, were standing

foot of the bed. Two or three water-colour pictures, views of Naples, hung upon the walls; in the mantelpiece, above some bits of rare tapestry, two miniatures in oval frames. One of the miniatures represented a young man about twenty, with a sanguine complexion, dark hair, and clear candid grey eyes. The other was a likeness of a girl probably not more than sixteen, with small features, thin cheeks, a pale yellow-looking complexion, and large dark eyes. The gentleman wore powder; the lady had her hair gathered away from her face, and a little ornamented with a cherry-coloured bow, set on the top of her head—a coquettish head-dress, but the eyes spoke of sadness rather than of coquetry.

These were the things that Martha had dusted the air upon, four times a year, ever since she was a blooming lass of twenty; and she was now in this last decade of Mr. Gilfil's life, unaccountably on the wrong side of fifty. Such was the faded-up chamber in Mr. Gilfil's house; a visible symbol of the secret chamber in his heart where he had long turned the key on early and early sorrows, shutting up for ever all romance and the poetry of his life.

SCARS

As with men as with trees; if you lop off their branches into which they were pouring their life-juice, the wounds will be healed over by the rough boss, some odd excrescence; and what might have been a grand tree expanding into shade, is but a whimsical misshapen trunk,

Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow, which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty; and the trivial erring life which we visit with our harsh blame, may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered.

WOOD-ASHES

We poor mortals are often little better than wood-ashes—there is small sign of the sap, and the leafy freshness, and the bursting buds that were once there; but wherever we see wood-ashes, we know that all that early fulness of life must have been. I, at least, hardly ever look at a bent old man, or a wizened old woman, but I see also, with my mind's eye, that Past of which they are the shrunken remnant, and the unfinished romance of rosy cheeks and bright eyes seems sometimes of feeble interest and significance, compared with that drama of hope and love which has long ago reached its catastrophe, and left the poor soul, like a dim and dusty stage, with all its sweet garden-scenes and fair perspectives overturned and thrust out of sight.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

(1822-1888)

GREEK TRAGEDY

What reason was the Greek tragic poet contented to so limited a range of subjects? Because there are so few actions which unite in themselves to the highest degree, the conditions of excellence; and it was not thought that on any but an excellent object could an excellent Poem be constructed. A few actions, therefore, eminently adapted for tragedy, maintained almost exclusive possession of the Greek tragic stage; their significance appeared inexhaustible; they were as permanent problems, perpetually offered to the genius of every fresh poet. This too is the reason of what appears to us moderns a certain baldness of expression in Greek tragedy; of the triviality with which we often reproach the remarks of the chorus, where it takes part in the dialogue; that the action itself, the situation of Orestes, or Merope, or Alcmæon, was to stand the central point of interest, unforgotten, absorbing, principal; that no accessories were for a moment to distract the spectator's attention from this; that the tone of the parts was to be perpetually kept down, in order not to impair the grandiose effect of the

whole. The terrible old mythic story on which the drama was founded stood, before he entered the theatre, traced in its bare outlines upon the spectator's mind; it stood in his memory, as a group of statuary, faintly seen, at the end of a long and dark vista; then came the Poet, embodying outlines, developing situations, not a word wasted, not a sentiment capriciously thrown in; stroke upon stroke, the drama proceeded; the light deepened upon the group; more and more it revealed itself to the riveted gaze of the spectator; until at last, when the final words were spoken, it stood before him in broad sunlight, a model of immortal beauty.

THE MATERIAL FOR GREAT LITERATURE

The present age makes great claims upon us; we owe it service, it will not be satisfied without our admiration. I know not how it is, but their commerce with the ancients appears to me to produce, in those who constantly practise it, a steady and composing effect upon their judgment, not of literary works only, but of men and events in general. They are like persons who have had a very weighty and impressive experience; they are more truly than others under the empire of facts, and more independent of the language current among those with whom they live. They wish neither to applaud nor to revile their age; they wish to know what it is, what it can give them, and whether this is what they want. What they want, they know very well; they want

ce and cultivate what is best and noblest in
lves ; they know too, that this is no easy
and they ask themselves sincerely whether
ge and its literature can assist them in the
t. If they are endeavouring to practise any
y remember the plain and simple proceedings
old artists, who attained their grand results
etrating themselves with some noble and
ant action, not by inflating themselves with
f in the pre-eminent importance and greatness
own times. They do not talk of their mission,
interpreting their age, nor of the coming
all this, they know, is the mere delirium of
; their business is not to praise their age,
afford to the men who live in it the highest
e which they are capable of feeling. If
to afford this by means of subjects drawn
ne age itself, they ask what special fitness the
age has for supplying them ; they are told
is an era of progress, an age commissioned to
out the great ideas of industrial development
cial amelioration. They reply that with all
ey can do nothing ; that the elements they
or the exercise of their art are great actions,
ted powerfully and delightfully to affect what
anent in the human soul ; that so far as the
age can supply such actions, they will gladly
use of them ; but that an age wanting in
grandeur can with difficulty supply such,
age of spiritual discomfort can with difficulty
verfully and delightfully affected by them.
ost of voices will indignantly rejoin that the
age is inferior to the past neither in moral
ur nor in spiritual health. He who possesses
cipline I speak of will content himself with

remembering the judgments passed upon the present age in this respect by the two men, the one of strongest head, the other of widest culture, whom it has produced ; by Goethe and by Niebuhr. It will be sufficient for him that he knows the opinions held by these two great men respecting the present age and its literature ; and that he feels assured in his own mind that their aims and demands upon life were such as he would wish, at any rate, his own to be ; and their judgment as to what is impeding and disabling such as he may safely follow. He will not, however, maintain a hostile attitude towards the false pretensions of his age ; he will content himself with not being overwhelmed by them. He will esteem himself fortunate if he can succeed in banishing from his mind all feelings of contradiction, and irritation, and impatience ; in order to delight himself with the contemplation of some noble action of a heroic time, and to enable others, through his representation of it, to delight in it also.

THE SANITY OF THE CLASSICS

It has been said that I wish to limit the Poet in his choice of subjects to the period of Greek and Roman antiquity ; but it is not so ; I only counsel him to choose for his subjects great actions, without regarding to what time they belong. Nor do I deny that the poetic faculty can and does manifest itself in treating the most trifling action, the most hopeless subject. But it is a pity that power should be wasted ; and that the Poet should be compelled to impart interest and force to his subject,

receiving them from it, and thereby
of impressiveness. There is, it has been
said, an immortal strength in the stories
tions; the most gifted poet, then, may
ad to supplement with it that mortal
which, in presence of the vast spectacle
the world, he must for ever feel to be
al portion.

With respect to the study of the classical
antiquity: it has been said that we should
cher than imitate them. I make no
all I say is, let us study them. They
cure us of what is, it seems to me, the
of our intellect, manifesting itself in our
agaries in literature, in art, in religion,
namely, that it is *fantastic*, and wants
nity—that is the great virtue of the
ature: the want of that is the great
e modern, in spite of all its variety and
is impossible to read carefully the great
thout losing something of our caprice
icity; and to emulate them we must at
tem.

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